

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## SONNET BY PETRARCH.

IN HEAVEN.

NE'ER did devoted mother on her son,  
 Ne'er on her swain impassioned damsel fair,  
 Such love bestow, or such unswerving care,  
 Or help so bravely each dark way to shun,  
 As on my exile smiles that parted one;  
 Down-glancing from her home so bright  
 and fair,

And feeling all her old affection there.  
 So that her present love doth far outrun  
 The mother's or the lover's; and, from far,  
 Her gentle voice comes like a spirit's sigh,  
 Telling the chances that around me are;  
 Bidding me what to seek, and what to fly;  
 Breathing sweet peace down on this life's stern  
 war,

And raising my bowed soul up to her home  
 on high!

Tinsley's Magazine.

I HAVE no wealth of grief; no sobs, no tears,  
 Not any sighs, no words, no overflow  
 Nor storms of passion; no reliefs, yet oh!  
 I have a leaden grief, and with it fears  
 Lest they who think there's nought where  
 nought appears

May say I never loved him. Ah, not so!  
 Love for him fills my heart; if grief is slow  
 In utterance, remember that for years  
 Love was a habit and the grief is new,  
 So new a thing, it has no language yet.  
 Tears crowd my heart: with eyes that are not  
 wet

I watch the rain-drops, silent, large and few,  
 Blotting a stone; then, comforted, I take  
 These drops to be my tears, shed for his sake.

Spectator.

## "I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR THEE."

GRIEVE not — nor mourn if for a little while  
 My face is hid from thee.  
 Have I not told thee? Canst thou not believe?  
 "Where I am, thou shalt be!"

Where I am thou shalt be. I only go  
 Before thee to prepare  
 A place for thee — where thou shalt safely dwell  
 Beyond all grief and care.

Beyond all grief and care — then, is it hard  
 For thee to trust my love?  
 And patient wait, until I bid thee come  
 Up to thy home above?

Thy home above these clouds, — where gleam-  
 ing stars,  
 Pouring their radiance down,  
 Hold in their shining depths the mansions fair  
 That I will give my own!

That I will give my own — and thou art mine,  
 Tho' for a time we part,  
 Nor power in earth or heaven can break the  
 cords  
 That bind thee to my heart.

That bind thee to my heart! Thou know'st  
 not now,  
 But thou shalt know and see  
 The glories of the place pre-pared for all  
 Who will believe in me.

Dost thou believe in me? Then do not fear  
 Nor doubt my faithful love;  
 Thy journey will be ended soon — and thou  
 Shalt rest with me above!

August 13th, 1872.

## SONG — THE WINDS.

THE South Wind sings of happy springs,  
 And summers hastening on their way;  
 The South Wind smells of cowslip bells,  
 And blossom-spangled meads of May:  
 But sweeter is her red, red mouth  
 Than all the kisses of the South.

The West Wind breathes of sunset heaths,  
 And yellow pride of woods grown old;  
 The West Wind flies from autumn skies,  
 And sunclouds overlaid with gold:  
 But the golden locks I love the best  
 Outshine the glories of the West.

The North Wind sweeps from crystal deeps,  
 And Arctic halls of endless night;  
 The North Wind blows o'er drifted snows,  
 And mountains robed in virgin white:  
 But purer far her maiden's soul  
 Than all the snows that shroud the Pole.

The East Wind shrills o'er desert hills  
 And dreary coasts of barren sand;  
 The East Wind moans of sea-blanch'd bones,  
 And ships that sink in sight of land:  
 But the cold, cold East may rave and moan,  
 For her soft warm heart is all my own.

Chambers' Journal.

## LOVE'S WAKING.

Is Love a dream? In truth, they tell me so,  
 And pity me because I cannot know  
 That tender glances, whispers sweet and low,  
 Thrill for a summer's day and are no more.

But this I know, that if it be a dream,  
 I would not be as wise as they, to deem  
 That fair things can be false, and when they  
 seem  
 To promise most, that we should least adore.

They speak of waking from that dream, while I  
 Know but one waking, and that is not nigh.  
 For it will come when she I love shall die,  
 Then I shall wake to sorrow evermore.

Athenæum.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE TALMUD.\*

THE profound, although tacit, distinction which the literature of the West has established between the principal and the complementary branches of the Jewish Law is an anomaly without historic parallel. There exists, indeed, a line of demarcation which is neither false nor shadowy; but its value has been exaggerated to a degree that is altogether disproportionate. Three great classes of Hebrew literature have been so venerated, though still imperfectly studied, as to yield a vital element of the Law, the Ethics, and even of what was formerly called the Science, of modern Europe. The main body of general opinion, down to our own time, has been guided and informed by three foreign elements, of nearly equal weight. These are the devout spirit of Judea, the discursive intellect of Greece, and the Law of Rome. The chivalry and feudality of the Teuton and the Celt were their own; the other elements of their civilization are traceable to the three sources we have indicated.

But while not only the Law, but the earlier history, and the prophetic, poetical, and allegorical writings of the Hebrew seers and princes, before the time of the return from the Captivity of Babylon, occupy a foremost place in our veneration, that great body of judicial decisions, which bears the same relation to the Pentateuch that the decisions of our English judges hold to the Statute Book, has met with a neglect that is almost absolute. This neglect is the more marked

from the fact that, on the one hand, some explanation is manifestly necessary for the intelligent comprehension of much of the Pentateuch; while on the other hand those Jewish writings which are posterior to the final arrangement of the Sacred Books by Ezra, many of which are of inferior authority to those of the Mishna, are accepted by the Churches of the West under the quaint title of Deutero-Canonical. Linguistic ignorance alone can have led men to study the Apocrypha while they neglected the Talmud; but the latter is entombed in most crabbed Hebrew, the former books are accessible in Greek.

It is now six years since one of the most important of our contemporaries awakened an unusual degree of public attention by giving some account of the Talmud. An erudite familiarity with Oriental tongues illuminated this essay, which sparkled with the play of the imagination of the writer no less than with the gems which he produced from the obscurity of twelve folio Hebrew volumes. We learn with much regret, as these sheets are passing through the press, that a painful disease has carried off Mr. Deutsch, the accomplished author of that paper, and blighted the hope that he would apply his great powers and acquirements to a more thorough examination of the Talmudic writings. But brilliant as that essay was, it was superficial. It gave, we think, a very partial view of what the Talmud really is, and it did scant justice to many considerable labourers in the same field of inquiry. Mr. Deutsch spoke as if nobody, before himself, had written anything intelligible on the subject; but, to say nothing of the chapter devoted to it by Dean Milman in his "History of the Jews," the entire Mishna exists in a Latin version, the work of Surenhuse, which includes the partial translations of his predecessors. A German version was published by Rabe in 1760. Nineteen of the treatises are accessible in an English form. With regard to the Ghemara, twenty tracts of that of the Jerusalem Talmud have been translated by Ugolin, and two by Rabe; and three tracts of that of the Babylon Talmud have been

- \* 1. *Le Talmud de Babylone, traduit en langue Française et complété par celui de Jérusalem, et par d'autres monuments de l'antiquité judaïque.* Par l'Abbé L. CHIARINI. Vols. I. et II. Leipzig: 1831.
  2. *Eighteen treatises from the Mishna.* Translated by the Rev. D. A. DA SOLA and the Rev. M. J. RAPHALL. London: 1845.
  3. *Novum Testamentum ex Talmude et Antiquitatibus Hebræorum illustratum.* J. GERHARD MEUSCHEN. Lipsiæ: 1736.
  4. *Tractatus de Vacca Rubra.* Ex auct. MOSES BEN MAIMON. Amstelodami: 1711.
  5. *Yoma. Additamenta ad Codicem de Die Expiationis.* R. CHIJÆ. Vienna: 1744. Trad. B. UGOLINUS.
  6. *Tractatus Talmudicus Avoda Sara.* Trad. G. EL EDZARDO. Hamb.: 1705.
- LIVING AGE, No. 1231, Jan. 4, 1868.

translated by Ugolin, two by Rabe, and two by Edzard. Twenty-three more, from the pen of Ugolin, exist in MSS. In the British Museum\* are to be found translations by Ulmann of six tracts, by Schneidius of two, and both text and comment of the very important treatises † Avoda Sara and Yoma—the first on "Idolatry," and the second on the "Day of Atonement." While these works are far from having exhausted this enormous field of literary treasure, they are yet enough to enable a very modest scholarship to gain a correct idea of much that it contains.

We may thus well put the question, Is it rational to assume that we can fully comprehend either the ancient Law of the Jewish nation, or the references to, and comments on, that Law which we ascribe to the founders of Christianity, while we are ignorant of the great mass of comment and judicial decision which was, to the text of the Pentateuch, what the *sententia* of our judges are to the statute book? Or are we in a position to understand the most momentous reformation attempted within the province of history, without being aware of the thoughts and habits, the ethics and the creed, of the people among whom it originated? We shall be met, no doubt, by the familiar remark that the ancient law was divided into the moral and the ceremonial enactments; that the former "are summarily comprehended in the ten Commandments;" and that the subtle-

ties of the rabbins are exhausted on the second, with which Christendom has little concern. The reply is characterized by that simplicity which may often be observed when people speak confidently on matters with which they are but superficially acquainted. The division is so easy, that it is to be regretted that it is neither exhaustive nor accurate. Nor is it consistent with the doctrine of the Gospels.

For Christ Himself divided the Law into the two branches of duty to God and duty to man; or what we now term Religion and Ethics. He did so in language which was the faithful echo of the Oral Law. Under the former head ranked that long order of liturgic observances, centering on the existence of the Altar, the Temple, and the Holy City, which was committed to the guardianship of an hereditary priesthood. The greater part of these ordinances, by the full consent of the doctors of the Law, are in abeyance during the exile of Israel from Palestine. So fully is this the case, that the portions of the Talmud which relate to sacrifice, purifications, and the ceremonial portions of the Law, have been neglected and left untranslated by many who have approached the subject of Hebrew Ethics. But such questions as the obligation of prayer, of alms, and of fasting; as the prohibitions of malediction against one's fellow, and of oppressing the hired servant or the stranger; as the duty of support and instruction which a parent owes to his children; afford instances of numerous ethical injunctions of the Oral Law which are not even referred to in the Decalogue, and which are little more than intimated in the Pentateuch. As matters of daily practice, and of constant scholastic dispute among the twelve great sects into which the Jews, under the reign of the Idumean dynasty, were divided, they were brought repeatedly to the notice of Christ. Much of His recorded teaching specially relates to the contemporary controversies on these and similar points. He refers, with the utmost respect, to the Oral Law. The very language of the Mishna is employed verbatim by the writers of the New Testament. Can we

\* The old catalogue, not the new, except the last named tract.

† A critical question of much interest arises from the very first pages of the Avoda Sara. A comparison of the Attic Calendar with the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 33) leads to the conclusion that St. Paul was present at the festival of the ΘΕΟΞΕΝΙΑ at Athens, on the 20th of the month Hecatombion, in the first year of the 207th Olympiad; (the Court of Areopagus sat three days after—v. 19). This was in direct violation of the Law, according to the Avoda Sara. So minute are the provisions against even apparent idolatry, that no Jew was to enter an idolatrous city within three days of a festival. He was not even to remove a thorn from his foot in the presence of a statue, lest he should seem to bow before it. Unless such provisions can be limited to a date posterior to the overthrow of the Jewish polity, it follows that St. Paul had, at this part of his career, emancipated himself much more thoroughly from the authority of the Law than his plea recorded in chap. xxviii. 17 would lead us to suppose.

imagine that we rightly understand the language which we so freely quote, while that great storehouse of doctrine, of which the new faith was the complement and the corrective, remains to us an utterly sealed book?

We may readily understand, as matter of literary history, how it came to pass that the doctors of the fourth century, and their followers and commentators, contented themselves with a very imperfect acquaintance with the subjects on which they undertook to dogmatize. But to acquiesce in a theory founded on so lame and crippled a basis is, at the present day, plainly indefensible. We are not forgetful of the labours of the German scholars, the pioneers in this as in so many other fields of study. Germany has been, as we shall show, in possession of a version of the Mishna for more than a century; and in the translation of such works as Ebrard's "Introduction to the New Testament," some knowledge of the Talmud filters into English thought. To Dr. Lightfoot's labours we have referred as exceptional. One of the most elegant and thoughtful scholars of the present day quotes the Mishna in his charming "Sinai and Palestine;" but specks of light like these only make the general darkness more visible — the systematic neglect more inexcusable.

The Hebrew of the Talmud is, it is true, excessively cramped and obscure. Divines who find but little difficulty in reading the original of books with which they are familiar in an English version, confess themselves entirely unable to master the dialect of the Mishna. The names of Talmudic scholars — Ugolin, Surenhuse, the Buxtorffs, Lightfoot, and one or two more — may be counted on the fingers. The last-named author, the chief English student of Hebrew literature, candidly admits his inability even to conjecture the meaning of some of the passages which he sought to interpret. Research into this province of thought has been chiefly confined to an age of more leisure than the present. But while such men as the elder Buxtorff grudged no time to set in order their views of the "Synagoga Judaica," and brought extraordinary erudition as

well as heroic patience to the task, their labours are often vitiated and rendered useless by the strong prejudice under which they wrote. Thus, of one Jewish work of the fifteenth century, the *Nizachon*, or *Victoria*, of Rabbi Lipman (a work not to be found in the British Museum), John Buxtorff uses the mild and philosophic expression, *quod ex ore ipsius Diaboli dictantis exceperit*. It is clear that a certain amount of wariness is needful in following such guides as these.

A very brilliant and noble exception, however, is to be mentioned in the person of the Abbé L. Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages at the Royal University of Warsaw, and member of various learned societies. This author published at Leipzig, in the year 1831, a translation of the first treatise of the "Talmud," including both Mishna and Ghemara, that is to say, both the text of, and the ancient comment on, that portion of the Oral Law which relates to what we may familiarly term the saying one's prayers. It is necessary to use this rather puerile phrase, as, if we were to say a treatise on prayer, we might altogether mislead our readers. In the language of the modern English rabbins this treatise, *BERACOTH*, contains laws for regulating the daily prayers, and the ritual of divine worship. But, although the work is marked in the catalogue of the British Museum with the words "no more volumes published," it was, in the intention of the author, only the commencement of the great task of the translation into French of the entire Talmud, involving the collation of the two distinct versions or codices, known as the Talmud of Jerusalem, and that of Babylon. The labour of the translator has completed only one out of the sixty-eight treatises of which the Talmud is composed; but he has, in a preface of 230 octavo pages, given an analytical view of the entire work, which is of high critical value. While apparently hampered, in one or two places, by the fear lest his orthodoxy should be called in question, and while taking occasion to declare, in unequivocal terms, his submission to a guide who had not at the time of that publication claimed infallibility, a general candour and impartiality pervade the *prole-*

gomena of the Abbé which are extremely rare in any writing connected in any way with Judaism.

The Talmud may be said to be reproduced in the pages of the famous Moses Ben Maimon, among whose voluminous works are fourteen books containing eighty-nine treatises of the *Mishna Hithora*, or *Lex Secunda*; a work that has led to the application to its author of the title of the Second Moses. The literary style of Maimonides is such as to render the study of his works far less repulsive than that of the earlier rabbins. But the authoritative tone in which he speaks, his contempt of the usual deference paid to authority, and the unmistakable errors that may be detected in some of his most positive assertions, tend to deter serious scholars from implicitly following so self-asserting a guide. Maimonides was a native of Cordova. He travelled into Burgundy in search of a copy of the Law. Among his works the *More Nevachim*, or *Doctor Perplexorum*, the *Yad Chazakah*, or Strong Hand, and the treatise on the Resurrection, may be cited as the most noted. He travelled into Egypt in 1177, and wrote his tract on the Resurrection in 1186. His nobly worded creed is yet canonical among the people of his faith. He died, at the age of 73, in A.D. 1204.

The title of the *Novum Testamentum ex Talmude illustratum*, by Meuschen, is such as to warrant an eager search for this rare book. But the student will be disappointed in its perusal. It is devoid of literary merit or philosophic grasp, although not deficient in erudition. The original plan appears to have been soon abandoned by the author; as the illustrations of the genealogy contained in the first Gospel, from the idlest and least readable portions of the Ghemara, occupy nearly half the work. The details involved in this illustration may be well described by the text which speaks of the "filthy dreamers" who "defile the flesh, despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities." Any attempt to illustrate the infancy of Christianity from the ethics and opinions of the people who were the first Christians will be sought for in vain in Meuschen.

It has proved a grateful and not unrewarded task to wander through the mazes of the Talmud, and to cull flowers yet sparkling with the very dew of Eden. Figures in shining garments haunt its recesses. Prayers of deep devotion, sublime confidence, and noble benediction, echo in its ancient tongue. Sentiments of lofty courage, of high resolve,

of infantile tenderness, of far-seeing prudence, fall from the lips of venerable sages. Fairy tales, for Sunday evenings' recital, go back to early days when there were giants in the land; or those, yet earlier, when, as Josephus tells us, man had a common language with the animals. Mr. Darwin might write a new book illustrative of a prehistoric common ancestry, from the fables of Syria, India, and Greece, that tell of animal wisdom. From the glorious liturgy of the Temple, Rome and her daughters have stolen almost all that is sublime in their own, with the one exception of the Hymn of St. Ambrose, itself formed on a Jewish model. Page after page might be filled with such language and such thought as does not flow from modern pens. Yet the possessor of these inviting spoils would know but little of the real character of the Talmud.

No less practicable would it be to stray with an opposite intention, and to extract venom, instead of honey, from the flowers that seem to spring up in self-sown profusion. Fierce, intolerant, vindictive hatred for mankind, with small exception—confined in some cases to the singular number; idle subtlety, frittering away at once the energy of the human intellect and the dignity of the divine law; pride and self-conceit amounting to insanity; adulation that hails a man covered with the rags of a beggar as Saint, and Prince, and King; indelicacy pushed to a grossness that renders what it calls virtue more hateful than the vice of more modest people; all these might be strung together in one black Paternoster, and yet they would give no more just an idea of the Talmud than would the chaplets of its lovelier flowers. For both are there, and more. These folio volumes comprise the intellectual life of a gifted people for the period of 800 years—a self-tormenting, mournful, misdirected life. But it is a life needful to be understood by all those who would really know what Christianity was in her cradle, and would thus discern both what that Faith historically is, and how it has gradually assumed its present form—"If form," indeed, "that might be called which form has none." Little cause have we to wonder that the Jew, as he glances from the triple tiara that claims to crown and dominate Christendom, to the rags of conventional and only nominal Christianity still retained by the disciples of masters whom we need not name (in Germany, in France, and in England), should yet cling to the linen, pure and white, of the priesthood

consecrated at the Exode of the children of Israel.

The Talmud may compete with the "Constitutions" of Loyola for the right to be considered the most irresistible organ ever forged for the subjugation of the human will. It stands quite alone, its age and origin considered, as a means of perpetuating a definite system of religious bondage. By the "Constitutions," while the education of the young is committed as far as possible to the subtle manipulation of the Order of Jesus, the decisive appeal to the obedience of the neophyte is made, once, and for all, at a fixed opportunity. When made as directed by the founder, it is said never to have been known to fail. But the Talmud not only awaits the infant at birth, and regulates every incident of that event (even to the names of the angels that are to be inscribed on the door, and the words on the four corners of the apartment), but anticipates each circumstance from the earliest moment of probability. In every relation of life, in every action, in every conceivable circumstance — for food, dress, habit, language, devotion, relaxation — it prescribes almost every word to be uttered, and almost every thought to be conceived. Its rule is minute, omnipresent, inflexible. Its severity is never relaxed. To borrow an illustration from the fable; the Jewish mind, subjected while in a fusible state to the iron mould, has been at once chilled and case-hardened by its pressure.

The Talmud, or "Doctrine," contains, according to the Jewish creed, in the first place, the actual words of the oral law, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai with, and in explanation of, the Mikra, or written law, contained in the Pentateuch. The "Constitutions of Mount Sinai," handed down by an unbroken succession of high priests and elders, were only fully committed to writing when the persecution of the people had become such as to raise a fear of their being otherwise forgotten. To this,\* "all whatsoever," the Scribes and Pharisees, who "sit in Moses' seat, bid you observe," which Christ enjoined His hearers to "observe and do," is added an enormous mass of comment, illustration, explanation, discussion, and argument, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The text is called the Mishna, Deuterosis, or Second Law. The comment, under the general

name of Ghemara, or complement, comprises Halaca, or rabbinical logic; the Agada which may be compared to the rhetoric or poetical and imaginative part of the Hebrew philosophy; and the Cabbala, which contains that transcendental spiritual philosophy, which is supposed to be the highest form of human thought, together with a species of magic. The Cabbala makes use of four different alphabets. The figurative Cabbala attaches a hieroglyphical value to the forms of letters, and is derived from an Egyptian source. The speculative Cabbala considers the numeric value of the letters which compose the words of the sacred text, the words of which each word contains the initials, and the anagrams of each word. The practical Cabbala teaches the construction of talismans; and the dogmatic Cabbala tells of the creation of the world, the orders of the heavenly hierarchy, the power of evil spirits, the thirty-two ways of wisdom, the fifty gates of prudence, the sacred and ineffable Name.

It is stated by the rabbins that it takes a study of from five to ten hours per day for seven years to attain a preliminary knowledge of the Talmud. The difficulty is not diminished by the existence of two distinct codes, or versions, known as the Talmud of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, in which the Mishna is the same (although some of the treatises are now to be found only in the one version); but the Ghemara is entirely different. There are also supplementary works of authority equal to the Mishna.

The Talmud is divided into six orders; which relate to agriculture, festivals, women, damages, holy things, and purifications. In these six orders, the Talmud of Babylon includes 68 tracts, divided into 617 sections; 26 of these tracts are without Ghemara. The present Hebrew editions of the Talmud of Jerusalem contain only the first four orders, and the tract "Nidda" of the sixth; although, according to Maimonides, they contained in his time five entire orders.

The first order of the Talmud is the SEDER ZERAİM, containing laws relating to seeds. It opens, however, with the important treatise *Beracoth*, or Benedictions. This tract has been translated into French, including the Ghemara, by the Abbé Chiarini, as before mentioned. It has also been translated, as regards the Mishna alone, into English, together with seventeen other treatises, by the Rev. O. A. Da Sola and Rev. M. J. Ra-

\* Matt. xxiii. 2.

phall, and published, in a second edition, in London in 1845. We may remark in passing that the literary workmanship of this translation is slovenly. No index, or even table of contents, is to be found in the volume. There are blunders in most of the numbers prefixed to the tracts. The text is full of interpolations. They are, indeed, placed between brackets, but of their value it is impossible to judge in the absence of the Ghemara. The translation is, in places, more than questionable, and the evident aim of the entire work is to present Judaism in a light as consistent with modern opinion as possible.

The second treatise of the SEDER ZERA'IM is entitled *Peah*, and relates to the rights of the poor with reference to the soil of the Holy Land and its produce, and to the corner of the field to be left for them according to the injunctions in the Pentateuch.

The third treatise, *Demai*, contains laws relating to the tithe of agricultural produce, and to the heave offering. The fourth, *Kilaim*, has been translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. It relates to the mixtures of different species forbidden by the law: whether in the breeding and the harnessing of cattle, the weaving of textile fabrics, or the sowing of the ground. *Shebiith*, the fifth treatise, treats of the Sabbatic year, the unbroken revolution of which, from the very date of the Exodus, forms the master key to the chronology of the historic and prophetic books of Scripture. Tract VI., *Teromoth*, relates to the heave offering. Tracts VII. and VIII., entitled *Maaseroth* and *Maasa Sheni*, contain the laws which regulate the first and the second tithes. *Shalah*, No. IX., contains laws relating to the offering of a cake of the first dough, as enjoined in Numbers xv. 20. *Orlah*, No. X., relates to the fruit of newly-planted trees, which must not be eaten during the first three years, and which is consecrated on the fourth. Lastly, *Bikurim*, No. XI., contains laws relating to the first fruits. It is to be regretted that the fact that these laws are considered as in abeyance while the Jews are out of Palestine, has been allowed to cause the neglect of their translation.

SEDER MOED, or the Order of Festivals, is the second division of the Talmud, and consists of twelve tracts or treatises. Of these the first, *Sabbath*, relates to the due observance of the Sabbath Day. It contains twenty chapters,

and is one of those translated into English. *Erubin*, or Commixtures, is the second tract of the order, and defines those various combinations of "reshuth," domiciles, or limits, by means of which the extreme severity of the law of Sabbatic rest was to some extent conventionally alleviated. *Pesachim*, or Pasque, is No. III., and is a treatise of extreme importance and interest, containing the laws for the observance of the Paschal festival, some of which are peculiar to Palestine, while others are of general obligation. The value of this treatise to the critical student of the New Testament is extreme. It contains ten chapters, divided into eighty-eight Mischnaioth or sections. The fourth treatise is entitled *Yomah*, and treats of the rites proper to the tenth day of the month Ethanim, or Tisri, the day of Reconciliation, the most solemn festival of the Jewish year. Of this highly valuable tract only the eighth chapter is to be found in the English translation, for the alleged reason that the first seven relate exclusively to the service of the Temple. A Latin translation of this treatise, by Ugolin, with the *Tosapha*, or comment of Rabbi Chija, a work held to be of equal authority with the Mishna itself, forms the portion of the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library devoted to the Latin versions of the Talmud. The eight chapters contain sixty-one Mischnaioth. Tract No. V., *Shekalim*, relates to the capitation tax of half a shekel, and contains important information as to weights and measures. It is not translated into English. No. VI., *Succah*, contains the regulations for the observance of the Feast of Tabernacles. This treatise is one of those to which Maimonides refers, as showing the necessarily coeval antiquity of the Mikra and the Mishna, or the written and oral law. Thus it is the latter only which excepts women, sick persons, and travellers from the full obligation of eating, drinking, and sleeping for seven entire days and nights, in booths which must be composed of vegetable substance, and neither of wool, hair, nor silk; and which orders that no such tabernacle shall be less than ten palms in height, or than seven by seven in area.\* The seventh,

\* Many details of the Temple service are preserved in this tract; such as the number of times and the mode in which the trumpets were to be blown daily, and on the festivals. The ordinary number of these signals was twenty-one; on the Sabbath twenty-seven; on the eve of the Sabbath, during the Feast of Tabernacles, forty-eight. The great rejoicing with which the so-

or, according to the arrangement of the Jerusalem Talmud, the eighth, tract of this order, which is also to be found in the English translation, is entitled *Yom Tob*, or Festivals. It is often called the Egg, from the word with which it commences. It explains those acts which are prohibited on the Sabbath, but allowed on other festivals. No. VIII. (or VII.) is *Rosh Hashana*, or the New Year. It enumerates the four periods at which, for different purposes, the year commences; the mode of observing the new moon, and thus determining the Festivals, in Palestine; and the solemnities proper to the occasion.

The ninth treatise of the second order is entitled *Taanith*, or Fasts. It treats of the mode of observance of public Fasts; whether annual and permanent, or occasional, such as that of three days which the Bethdin of Jerusalem was bound to institute if the new moon of the month Cisleu (the lunation corresponding as nearly as possible with our November) arrived without rain having fallen. The remarkable series of historic calamities which occurred on the two fatal days of the Jewish Calendar, the 17th Tamuz and the 9th of Ab, are mentioned in this tract. No. X. is tract *Meguilah*, or the Roll of the Book of Esther, which primarily treats of the mode of observing the Feast of Lots, or *Purim*, but contains many regulations as to the service of the Synagogues and other matters. The treatise *Moed Katon*, or the middle days of festivals, is No. XII. in the Jerusalem Talmud and No. XI. in the arrangement of Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall, who have translated this as well as the five last-named tracts. The three untranslated chapters of the treatise *Haghiga*, relating to the sacrifices on festivals, close this order of the Talmud.

SEDER NESHIM, the third order, contains seven treatises relating to women. Of these the first, *Yebammoth*, contains 16 chapters and 130 Mischnaioth, which enter into the minutest detail as to the performance of the peculiar Jewish precept of *Yeboom*, or the obligation of marrying the childless widow of a brother; with the alternative disgrace of the *Chalitzah*, or removal of the shoe of the recalcitrant, referred to

lemnity of water-drawing during the festivals referred to in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah was accompanied, is also described in the treatise *Succah*. It forms one of the eighteen translated into English by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall.

in the book of Ruth. Several portions of this Book are so offensive to all feelings of delicacy that they have been left untranslated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall, and either printed in Hebrew, or represented by asterisks alone. Treatise *Solah*, No. II., containing 9 chapters and 67 Mischnaioth, relative to the administration of the water of separation to the wife suspected of infidelity to her husband, has also failed to find an English dress. No. III., *Ketuboth*, contains the laws relative to marriage-contracts, dowries, and the mutual rights, duties, and relations of husband and wife. It may be remarked here that no limit is prescribed to the number of wives allowed but that the provisions as to priority of the claim of widows on the property of the deceased husband extend to four, which is also the legal number under the law of Islam. We have this tract in English. No. IV., *Nedarim*, relating to the vows made by females, which the father or the husband has power to annul, is untranslated, as well as Tract VI., *Nazir*, containing nine chapters relating to vows of abstinence whence we have retained the word *Nazarite*. No. V., treatise *Gittin*, contains 9 chapters and 75 Mischnaioth, relating to the *Get*, or bill of divorce, to which we have referred on another page. The order is closed by the treatise *Kedushin*, or Betrothing, which would seem properly to precede, or form part of, the tract *Ketuboth*. It speaks of the acquisition of a wife by purchase as well as by marriage-contract, and by the *voie de fait*; also of the purchase of male and female slaves. Both *Gittin* and *Kedushin* are translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall.

SEDER NEZIKIN, called also Seder JESHUOTH, the fourth order, contains eight tracts in the Jerusalem Talmud, all of which, except the last chapter of the tract *Maccoth* (which treats of corporal punishments) are accompanied, together with those of the preceding orders, by the *Ghemara* of Rabbi Johanan, whose date—he was born A.D. 184—indicates that of the close of the Talmud of Jerusalem. These treatises are first, second, and third, the *Baba Kama*, *Baba Mezi'ah*, and *Baba Bathra*, or first, middle, and last "Gate," which originally constituted one tract, and which contained civil laws. They derive their name from the oriental custom of administering justice at the gate of the city. Fourthly, the Tract *Sanhedrin*, consisting of 11 chapters and 71 Mischnaioth,

contains ceremonial laws, and treats of the municipal and provincial councils and of the Great Bethdin, or Sanhedrin, at Jerusalem. *Maccoth*, Mo. V., treats of corporal punishments, of false witnesses, and of the cities of refuge for the involuntary homicide. *Shevuoth*, No. VI., contains precepts for the administration of oaths. *Avoda Sara*, in 5 chapters and 50 sections, treats of idolatry, heresy, and the inciters to either. This treatise is one that has suffered much from the censure imposed by Rome, so soon as her theologians became able to read the Hebrew pages, or from the omissions made by the Jews themselves in fear of the same censure. No. VIII., *Hori'oth*, treats of such errors in judgment committed by the Great Sanhedrin as required a sin-offering. To the above named tracts the Talmud of Babylon adds, in this order, IX., *Edioth*, or testimonies, which consists of laws, which trustworthy testimony declares to have been adopted by the Great Sanhedrin; and *Aboth*, No. X., which contains the ethical maxims of the Fathers of the Mishna. None of these tracts are included in the English translation.

SEDER KEDESHIM, the fifth order, which is now only found in the Talmud of Babylon, contains eleven treatises, only one of which is translated by the authors so often cited. This is No. III., *Cholin*, or profane things, containing minute regulations for the slaughtering of cattle and fowl for non-sacrificial or domestic purposes. In its 12th and last chapter it declares the precept of letting the parent bird taken in a nest fly away to be obligatory both in and out of the Holy Land. The other tracts are I., *Zebachim*, which gives laws relating to sacrifices in general; II., *Minhoth*, or meat offerings, relating to the sacrifices of fowl; IV., *Bechoroth*, or the law of the first-born; V., *Erachin*, valuation, relating to objects consecrated to divine worship, and to vows; VI., *Tamurah*, substitution, containing laws as to the exchange of consecrated animals; VII., *Kerithoth*, or excisions, relating to offences which, if wantonly committed, are to be punished by excision from the people; that is to say, by death; and which, if inadvertently committed, entail the obligation to bring sin-offerings. In this marked division of the Mishna (referring also to the tract *Maccoth*), is to be traced the origin of the Romish distinction between mortal and venial sins. The explanation of the difficult passage in the

first Gospel,\* which speaks of the degree or term of malediction which was punishable, by the Bethdin, with stripes; and of the more aggravated one, which was punishable with excision, if unatoned for by a sin-offering, is here to be found. No. VIII., *Mekilah*, trespass, contains laws relating to objects that have been consecrated, and converted to profane use. No. IX., *Tamid*, "the continual," treats of the daily sacrifices in the Temple. No. X., *Middoth*, or measurements, refers to the size of the temple of Herod, and contains a single detail as to the difference of the dimensions of the altar built by the children of the Captivity from those of its predecessor. This tract has been translated, with less than absolute accuracy,† by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Jerusalem; and published in the Quarterly Report of the Palestine Exploration Fund for January, 1872. Finally, XI., Tract *Kanin*, nests, which closes Seder Kedeshim, relates to the birds proper for sacrifice.

The sixth and last order of the Talmud, now found only in that of Babylon, contains 12 tracts, but one of which has been translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. The order is entitled Seder TAHAROTH, and consists of laws relative to legal purifications. The treatises are I., *Kelim*, defining things liable to contract and communicate uncleanness; II., *Oholoth*, relating to pollution from the dead; III., *Negaim*, concerning leprosy; IV., *Parah*, the law of the red heifer; the perusal of which throws a flood of light on the argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and especially on the 13th verse of the 9th chapter.‡ Tract V., *Taharoth*, relates to minor impurities, according to their various degrees. No. VI., *Mikva'oth*, contains the laws relative to the total or plunging bath necessary for certain legal purifications; and has the special characteristic that, had it been known to the theologians of this country, it would have prevented, or at all events narrowed within a rational limit, the most venomous of Protestant quarrels. No. VII., *Niddah*, should be read only by persons bound to study medicine, being devoted to certain rules not ordinarily discussed; although they ap-

\* Matt. v. 22.

† The translator has provided the guards of the Temple with cushions; a somewhat tantalizing luxury, as they were punished if they slept.

‡ The *De vaccâ rubrâ* of Maimonides, and the *De die expiationis* of Rabbi Chija, should be studied by any one who wishes to arrive at the point of view from which this Epistle was written.

pear to have occupied a disproportionate part of the attention of the rabbins. The objections that our modern sense of propriety raises to the practice of the Confessional apply with no less force to the subject of this tract, considered as a matter to be regulated by the priesthood. Rabbi Johanan has supplied the Ghemara to the first four chapters of the ten contained in this treatise. Tract VIII., *Maksheerin*, relates to the laws of purification from contact with unclean reptiles. No. IX., *Zabim* is again a medical treatise; and No. X., *Tebul Yom*, relates to purification on the day on which legal uncleanness is contracted.

Tract XI., *Yadaim*, contains rules for the purification of the hands by ablution. This is the last treatise translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. Its regulations rest on the uncorroborated authority of the Oral Law. The fact that the Mishna of this treatise contains repeated reference to the disputes of the Pharisees and the Sadducees on questions as to ablution, coupled with the mention of the subject in the Gospels, renders it extremely important that the corresponding Ghemara should be brought within the reach of the English reader. The treatise *Oozekin*, or Stalks, closes the list of those enumerated by the English rabbins as composing this order.

Four small additional treatises are, however, contained in the Talmud of Babylon; namely, the *Avoth* of R. Nathan, or Sentences of the Fathers of the Synagogue, in 41 sections. *Sopherim*, or the Mode of transcribing the Roll of the Law, in 21 sections; an account of which is given in "Unexplored Syria;" *Semahoth*, or *Ebel Rabbete*, or the Ceremonial of Mourning, in 14 sections; *Cal-la*, or the Wife, 1 section; and *Derek Erets*, a treatise on Manners, in 16 sections.

Thus the Talmud of Babylon contains 6 *Sederim*, or orders, 68 *Mesecoth*, or tracts, and 617 *Perekim* or sections, which we have called chapters.

Hillel the Elder, one of the most famous doctors of the Mishna, who was born at Babylon, of the royal family of David, and came to Jerusalem at the age of forty, is said to have reduced to 6 the orders of the Mishna, which, from the time of Moses to his own, had been 600. This tradition appears to commemorate the first arrangement of the independent *Perekim* in chapters and orders. The facts of the long existence of the numerous oral traditions; of their notation by

rabbi after rabbi for private recollection, while each gave them to his disciples *vivâ voce*; of their orderly arrangement at a subsequent period; of their commitment to writing, when persecution involved the oral traditions in peril; and, finally, of their completion by the addition of the Ghemara, are of no small value in enabling us to understand the literary history of Oriental records. The separate Suras of the Koran are as yet unarranged. The mode in which πολλοὶ ἐπιχείρησαν ἀνατάσσειν τὰ πράγματα à the writer of the third Gospel undertook καθέξει γράφαι; and how it came to pass that the arrangement, and to some extent the contents, of this narrative differ from those of the two partially corresponding Gospels, may thus be readily understood. Hillel was, with his great rival and opponent Shamai, under the instruction of Shemaia, about 32 B.C. To the contests of these two great schools very frequent implicit reference is made in the New Testament.

The first great Doctor who undertook to commit to writing, for public use, the Oral Law, was Juda the Saint, who flourished from 190 to 220 A.D. He impressed on the Talmud the permanent form of which Hillel appears to have been the author. The work became the classic authority of the schools both of Palestine and of Assyria; and all the disciples and followers of R. Juda occupied themselves with comments, glosses, and explanations of the Mishna, now reduced to the state of text. The chief and most authenticative of these early comments are known under the name of the *Mekilloth*, the *Tosaphoth*, and the *Baraitoth*. A century after the date of Juda the Saint, Rabbi Johanan, then head of the school in Palestine, compiled from these sources the Ghemara of Jerusalem. His death left his work incomplete, as will be seen by reference to the number of tracts contained in the present editions of this code of the Talmud that are without Ghemara.

The completion of the Ghemara, and the collection of that great body of comments and precepts which relates to the study of the Law out of the Holy Land, were the objects that led R. Ache, and his fellow-labourer, R. Avina, to commence the compilation of the Ghemara of Babylon. The death of R. Ache is said to have taken place about 427 A.D., and his work was completed by R. Jose, seventy-three years after that event. The Talmud is referred to in the Koran (Sura II, 53) in the words, "I delivered to Moses the book, and the Alfarcas to be

unto you for a guide." The arrangement of the Talmud of Babylon differs in many details from that of the Talmud of Jerusalem. In twenty-six tracts, the former has no Ghemara, and in the tract *Shecalim* the Ghemara of Jerusalem is applied in the Babylon Talmud.

We have hitherto spoken of the several tracts of the Mishna, and their accompanying Ghemara, as constituting the Talmud. That word, however, is often applied to designate the whole teaching of the Jewish Law — including the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, together with the books of which we have given a brief *précis*.

We must not omit to mention the three obscure and mystic glosses on the Pentateuch, which exist under the names of *Mekilta*, *Siphra*, and *Siphri*. The first is a commentary on the Book of Exodus. The second, attributed to Rav, or Abba Aribba, who was rector of the University of Sora until A.D. 243, is also called the *Torath Cohenim*, or law of the priests, and is founded on Leviticus. The third book, *Siphri*, is a comment on Numbers and Deuteronomy.

The doctrine of the Talmud, remarks the Abbé Chiarini, like the Tabernacle of Moses, has three veils. Raise the first, and you enter the porch. Lift the second, and the Holy Place is before you. Beyond the third, is the Holy of Holies. With these three stages of devout intelligence correspond the Halaca, the Agada, and the Cabbala. The third of these studies, which is the parent of the alchemy and the magic of the Middle Ages, forms the subject of the extremely obscure books entitled *Jetsira* and *Zohar*. We have only space to refer to the master idea of the Cabbalistic philosophy, to which may be traced the origin of the doctrine of the Sephur, or Logos, which has been erroneously attributed to a Platonic source.

God, according to the *Jetsira*, created the world by three *Sephirim*; His conception (or idea), His word, and His writing. The archetype of the world was conceived by the Divine Being with number, weight, and measure; it was called from nothing into existence by His word, and it was peopled with creatures, who are His writing; and conception, word, and writing are the same thing in God. The Hebrew language is Divine, because God has made use of it to communicate with man. Its writing is perfect, and the form of every letter involves a mystery. (This points back to the hieroglyphics of

Egypt.) The hidden ways of wisdom are the ten Sephiroth, or attributes of the Divinity, and the twenty-two letters, which are types of matter. (In the former it is impossible not to recognize, *ipso nomine*, the ten *cyphers*, which Europe owes to the Arabic writers.) The letters are, three mother letters, seven double, and twelve single; and in the microcosm and macrocosm — the world, the soul, and the year — "all things are ordered by one on three, three on seven, and seven on twelve." We spare our readers any discussion of the four alphabets, and the four species of the Cabbala.

We may perhaps most clearly grasp the tenets of the chief Jewish sects during the early Christian centuries by contrasting the several directions in which they diverged from the common centre of the Written Law.

Most conservative in their views, although historically uncertain in their origin, were the Karaites, who seem to be the *νομικοί* of the New Testament. The Talmud classes them as a branch of the Sadducees. They regarded the Written Law alone as divinely inspired, and rarely availed themselves of traditional interpretation. Critical remarks on the mode of reading and interpreting the Bible, which are attributed in the Talmud to the Scribes, are of the Karaite school.

In opposition to these literalists, the great sect of the Pharisees, which sprang up during the early days of the Maccabees, esteemed the letter of the Law above its spirit; the Oral above the Written Law, and ceremonies above morality. The description of various branches of the Pharisees, which is to be collected from the Jerusalem Talmud, explains the frequent coupling of the name of that sect with the reproach of hypocrisy. Seven classes of their professors of the Law are named, out of which there is but one who were confessedly actuated in their conduct by the noblest principle, namely the love of God. Among the other six were the Shekamites, who displayed their good deeds to all the world, as if they bore them on their shoulders; the Niephes, or borrowers, who constantly asked for loans in order to give alms or perform other good deeds; the Kizeen, or counters, who reckoned a commandment against every transgression; those who feigned to renounce their property in order to bestow it in pious works (represented, in the Acts of the Apostles, by Ananias and Sapphira); those who asked of all men to tell them of any transgression that they had committed,

that they might make expiation; and those who performed their prescribed duties simply through the influence of fear.

The sect of the Sadducees, the followers of Sadok and Baithos, originated about 300 B.C., and disputed the great authority of the Pharisees. The doubts entertained by this sect as to the future life and the spiritual existence are reflected in the Talmud by a frequent indifference as to questions relating to the immortality of the soul.

The opposite pole to the Sadducees was occupied by the Mehestanites, a sect as old as the Captivity, which had drawn from Persian sources a detailed belief in the influence of good and evil spirits, as well as in astrology. Much of the ghost lore of the Talmud has been contributed by this sect, which to some extent influenced the main body of Jewish belief. Nor are the doctrines in question by any means confined to the pale of Judaism.

The Misraimites originated soon after the time of Alexander the Great. They are to be recognized in all those passages in the Talmud which relate to the Numeric or Graphic Cabbala—which was derived from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. They ascribed a divine origin, and hidden teaching, to the very form of the square Chaldaic characters; a doctrine that points back to a period when the phonetic value of the hieroglyphics had not superseded all earlier idiographic significance. Thus the opening left between the stem of the Koph and its curved part is said to intimate that the door of Divine mercy was never closed to the penitent.

The Essenes, or Oraculists, professed to find in the Law a species of allegory. To them is to be attributed a great portion of what is called the Agada and Midrasa of the Talmud, and we trace the influence of their doctrines in such expressions as "the law, having a shadow of good things to come;" and "this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia." But the Essenes of the Talmud can hardly be identified with the sect described, at unusual length, by Josephus under that name, in whom it is difficult to recognize any other body than the early Jewish Christians.\*

\* It seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that, under the name of the Essenians, Josephus actually describes the early Christians, to whom, if the portions of the works attributed to him as to Christ and as to Hades are genuine, he may be considered to have belonged. His abandonment of the national cause, when actually hopeless, can thus be explained without injury to his character. The points in common between the sects in question may thus be cited.

The Hellenists took their rise in the time of the Greek kings; and introduced much from the philosophy of Greece into both the doctrine and the customs of the Jews. They gave a High Priest to Jerusalem in the person of Jason. They were the first sect encountered by Paul after his conversion; and their influence must have been considerable to have induced or enabled a scholar of the Pharisee Gamaliel to quote the Greek poet Aratus.

The Therapeutists may be considered as the natural counterpoise of any philosophical tendency among the Jews; their doctrine that supreme happiness consisted in meditation being one to be met with among the Indian Fakeers.

**THE ESSENES**  
do not offer sacrifices, because they have more pure illustrations of their own. Ant. xviii. i.

Having all things in common.

They appoint certain stewards to take care of their common offices. Bell. ii. viii.

They minister to one another.

They have no certain city.

They neglect wedlock.

They have a greater affection for one another than other sects have.

Still they take their weapons.

They go into the dining-room as into a certain holy temple.

Swearing is avoided by them.

There are also those among them who undertake to foretell things to come. Bell. ii. viii. 12.

They will equally preserve the books belonging to their sect.

And the names of the angels.

Those that are caught in any heinous sin they cast out of their society, and he who is thus separated from them does often die in a miserable manner.

There are about 4,000 men that live in this way.

(Verbatim extracts from the accounts of the Essenians in Ant. xviii. i. and Bell. ii. viii.)

**THE CHRISTIANS**  
were baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus. Acts xix. 5.

We have an altar, of which they have no right to eat who serve the Tabernacle. Heb. xiii. 10.

They had all things common. Acts iv. 32.

Look ye out among ye seven men of honest report . . . over this business. Acts vi. 3.

Ye ought also to wash one another's feet. John xiii. 14.

Here we have no continuing city. Heb. xiii. 14.

It is good for a man not to touch a woman. 1 Cor. vii. 1.

We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren. 1 John iii. 14.

He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. Luke xxii. 36.

When ye come together into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. xi. 20.

Swear not at all. Matt. v. 34.

Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy. 1 Cor. xiv. 1.

Hold fast the form of sound words. 2 Tim. i. 13. Holding fast the faithful word. Tit. i. 9.

The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches. Apoc. i. 20.

If we sin wilfully there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment. Heb. x. 27.

about 3,000 souls. Acts ii. 41. The number of the men was about 5,000. Acts iv. 4.

The name of the Herodians, who allowed political constraint to regulate religious worship, and of the opposing sect of the Gaulonites, or Zealots, who were intolerant of even the payment of tribute to any but the Eternal King, will be recognized by the students of the Evangelists and of Josephus. But it passes the limits of ordinary intelligence to assign any principle, but that of mutual contradiction, to the unresting schism between the schools of Shamai and of Hillel.

Such were the sects and schools, and such the main topics of constant dispute, that were rife at Jerusalem during the childhood and the manhood of Christ. There is scarce a page of the Synoptic Gospels on which a clear and instructive light may not be thrown by the study of the topics which are introduced by the writers as too familiar to need explanation. We may even say, that the most obscure passages thus become plain, and that the true meaning of the words of Christ, the meaning which they bore to His hearers, comes out with unexpected force and often with unsuspected beauty. No one who reads the Gospels with a competent knowledge of the Talmud, will admit that they can otherwise be fully understood. On the entire history of the sons of Israel, from the days of Moses to our own, a comment is here afforded without which the text remains an enigma.

The diffusion of a competent knowledge of the Talmud would have a result which might be ungrateful to certain tempers, but which would be most beneficial to the interest of literature, both religious and ethical. It would tend to extinguish controversy. It might, alas! prove too true that the flames, when stamped out in one place, would break forth with renewed fury in another. But the plain man, who seeks truth for its own sake, would not fail to derive a benefit. As it is, while the clashing views of rival schools are based, in their common ignorance, on imaginary foundations, the unlearned observer may well feel perplexed. But when he finds where the real bone of contention lies, and sees how far the ground can be levelled and swept before the fight fairly begins, it may so chance that he will take but little interest in the contest, and rather leave it to those who are by temperament polemics and disputants *quand même*.

No subject, for example, has more bitterly divided certain sects of Protestants than what is called the Baptismal Con-

troversy. This is a dispute that has been carried on almost entirely on false assumptions. The two main questions raised are, the age at which the rite of baptism should be administered, and the mode in which it should be effected. This is altogether a distinct question from that of the sacramental efficacy of the institution. It may be named the ritual, or ceremonial, dispute, as distinguished from that which is doctrinal or theological. The Romish Church, *more suo*, cuts the question very short. It relies on its own tradition; and asperses, signs, and anoints every infant, in the name of the Church, within the shortest possible period after birth; thus expediting the passage from this world of many a weakly suckling. It deserves remark, that the one point connected with this rite which is accepted by the whole of Christendom as incontrovertible, is the essential necessity of the material employed. The pure element of water is indispensable. The two Eastern monotheistic rituals admit of the substitution of clean sand, for ceremonial ablutions, where water cannot be obtained. In the greater strictness of the Occidental rubric may be traced a mark of the direct filiation of the Christian rite with the administration of the total plunging bath which the proselyte, and the Jew and Jewess, subject to certain legal pollution, were compelled to undergo. In extending the application of the rite to children, the water-dreading Italians have allowed the symbol of aspersion to replace the original practice; although the use of the element necessary for the total bath, but not necessary for a partial ablution, is retained. In the Greek Church, the original total immersion is still applied to infants, to the great furtherance of the survivorship of the strongest.

Had the controversialists who have vexed our language with the vehement dispute known as the Baptismal Controversy, taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts which they were content to infer from one or two indistinct passages of the New Testament, the quarrel, if not absolutely prevented, would at all events have been confined within the limits of rational discussion. All parties must have recognized the universal practice, in the Catholic Church, of an initiatory rite; the legislation affecting which, if it ever had a definite existence, is entirely lost beneath the darkness of the first three centuries of

persecution. Further, they would have traced an historic affiliation with an ordinary Jewish rite, and especially with the performance of that rite by John the son of Zacharias. Thirdly, they must have seen the absolute contrast existing between the actual Christian, and the ancient Jewish rites, as to person, occasion, and method. With the ground thus cleared, it is of course possible to enter on a long and perplexed inquiry as to the character and effect of the institution. But, for the Baptismal Controversy, as it actually encumbers our shelves, there would have been no room.

While disputes that are rather ecclesiastical than religious must thus be narrowed, if not obviated, by a competent knowledge of the mother facts, quarrels of an altogether different order would have been entirely avoided, if the rulers of Catholic Christendom had been enlightened by some of the most rudimentary principles of the interpretation of the ancient Law.

The men who attributed to every word, and to every letter, of the Pentateuch a direct divine origin and ordination, yet admitted a maxim, inspired by the profoundest common sense, the application of which would have prevented the shameful struggle of the Holy See with the immortal Galileo. *Loquitur lex, is the rule, phrasibus filiorum hominum.* The highest human study, the Rabbins taught, was that of the Law. But if positive science, in other hands, made definite discoveries, there was an elasticity in the unchangeable Word that could never permit of any contradiction arising between Faith and Science. Cultivated Europe should blush to the very finger-nails at her ignorance of such an irenical and philosophical maxim, hidden in the neglected lore of the Jewish sages. It is true that a legislation like that of Moses might admit of a provision for the organic growth of human intelligence which would be fatal to a legislation like that of the Papacy. But the fact is hardly to the advantage of the latter.

We may take a step further in the same luminous direction. Men are not yet very old who can remember the alacrity with which theologians of different schools hastened to extinguish, first the glimmer and then the glow, which was thrown upon the unwritten history of mankind by the discoveries of Cuvier and his school. The excitement in men's minds in England on the subject was hardly less keen than that which was

previously aroused, in cultivated Italy, by the announcements of Galileo. The Latin literature of the time of the "Tuscan Artist" shows that a terror, like that caused by an actual earthquake, shook the most intelligent men. They felt as if the solid earth was falling from under them. In our time the fear was, perhaps, more narrow, but it was nevertheless intense. It was the conscientious opinion of many good men that the hypotheses of the immense antiquity of our planet; of the existence on its surface of successive forms of life, and of death; and of the long-descended and hoary age of the human species; were in contradiction to the plain words of the Book of Genesis. But the educated Jew would not be content, in this respect, with the enlargement of vision insured by the knowledge that the Divine Law spoke so as to be intelligible to its hearers. His light was yet brighter. He knew that the Mikra had its *Agada* no less than the Mishna. He knew that all the teachers of his people, in long line of associated Sanhedrin ascending to the great Master, Moses, himself, had shown that the Holy Writings contained allegory as well as precept and history. He could have used the words of the writer of the Second Epistle of Peter in the sense in which they were composed — that no prophetic, or allegoric, part of Scripture was for the interpretation of *idiotai* — (*ἰδιῶται ἐπιχρίσας*) — men unlearned in the Law. He would have been told in plain terms by his Rabbins that the man who attached a literal meaning to an allegoric part of Scripture was a fool. He would soon have been made aware that the study of the "work of the Creation,"\* as well as of the "work of the Chariot,"† was specially prohibited to the unlearned. Without going to the full extent to which this view is carried by the Rabbins, critical discrimination, and due knowledge of the Sacred Books, are enough to show the purely absurd character of a group of English publications of which we may not even yet have seen the last.

If we pass from the regions, which are yet far from being absolutely deserted, of ecclesiological controversy; if we shun any outburst of that guerilla warfare which is yet active on the confines where science and religious opinion march, we shall find that one special study of our own day, the pursuit of an

\* Gen. i.  
† Ezek. i.

exhaustive and determinative criticism, has yet very much to gain from a competent acquaintance with the Talmud. The very words of the Mishna are often quoted verbatim by the New Testament writers, as when Paul uses the phrase, "The cup of blessing which we bless."\* In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ three times † distinctly quotes the Oral Law, by the appropriate phrase, "It has been said by the elders." He proceeds, on that, and on other occasions, to give His judgment on points which we know to have been main topics of dispute between the doctors of the great schools of His day. Such was the controversy between the Beth Shammai and the Beth Hillel as to the causes which would justify a man in giving a Get, or bill of divorce. Such were various points at issue between the Pharisees, who exalted ceremonial observance above doctrine, and the oral above the written Law, and the Karaites and Sadducees, who were the strict literalists of the day; the latter of whom questioned the certitude of the prevalent doctrine as to spirits and a future life, because it was not to be arrived at from the direct words of the Mikra. Such were those between the Herodians, who held that it is lawful to change forms of observance for purely worldly reasons, when constrained to do so by force, and the Gaulonites or Zealots, an offshoot of the Pharisees, who teach, in the Talmud, that the Jews can be subjects or tributaries of no King but the Eternal. Such, again, were the questions as to the observance of the rules laid down in the Seder Tahoroth, as to ablutions and purifications, and the prohibition of eating grains from the ear on the Sabbath. Such were the legal objections raised by the Pharisees, not to a miracle of healing, but to the breach of the Law of Sabbath by commanding a man to carry his bed on that day. In fact, the whole text of the New Testament is so full of references to the points around which the controversies of the great religious sects of the day revolved, that no distinct and intelligent idea of

the meaning of the writers can be arrived at by persons who are altogether ignorant of the literary history of the period.

We may, indeed, well think it inexplicable that the doctors of the Christian Church should not have been induced by the plain language of Christ Himself to undertake that study of the Hebrew literature which was necessary to a clear grasp of the meaning of His words. It cannot be doubted that Christ gave the full weight of His authority to the support of the Oral Law. When He says of those who sit in Moses' seat, "Whosoever they bid you observe, observe and do,"\* there can be no question of the written precepts, as to which no such enforcement could for a moment be thought necessary. The forms in which the Mikra and the Mishna are severally quoted are so distinct as to leave no pretext for confusion. The line which is drawn by Christ lies between the ancient constitutions, orally handed down, in elucidation of the brief injunctions of the Pentateuch, and those later regulations of the Sanhedrin, which had no such origin. In speaking of the unchangeable authority of the law of Moses, the whole body of written and ancient traditional legislation is distinctly accepted by Christ.

A striking instance may be adduced of the manner in which important questions of historical criticism may be solved by the aid of the Talmud. One of the most urgent critical questions of the day is that of the collation of the first three Gospels (in our present arrangement of the New Testament) with the fourth. The subject has been recently discussed, in a contemporary journal, in a temper that is creditable to the polemics of the day. The writer, at the same time, expresses a calm reliance on the impregnable character of his own view, which some acquaintance with the literature of the Talmud would tend considerably to modify.

The four Gospels all agree in describing the Crucifixion as occurring on the eve of the Sabbath, that is to say, on the sixth day of the week. The fourth Gospel is singular in including a distinct chronological indication of the year. This is afforded by the reckoning of 46 years from the commencement of the third Temple (which took place in the eighteenth year of Herod), and by the mention of two subsequent passovers. In the year thus determined, the 30th of

\* 1 Cor. x. 16.

† Matt. v. 21, 27, 33. The injunctions thus cited are taken from the Mishna, where it is explanatory of the Written Law. In v. 31-38, and 43, are references to oral precepts which are not founded on the letter of the Pentateuch. A distinction is made between the two, both in the mode of quoting them, and in the character of the comment. In the first case the injunctions are fortified by the enunciation of their purport; in the second they are contradicted. This distinction pervades the whole teaching of Christ recorded in the Synoptic Gospels.

\* Matt. xxiii. 3.

the vulgar era, the Paschal Sabbath fell on the 16th of Nisan. The three first Gospels speak distinctly of the eating of the Passover by Christ and His disciples on the night before the Crucifixion, that is to say, the 14th Nisan. So far all is accordant. But the fourth Gospel states that the Crucifixion took place on the eve of the Passover,\* *παρασκευῇ τοῦ πάσχα*, that "great was the day of that Sabbath,"† that they (*αὐτοί*) "went not into the Prætorium" (on the morning of the sixth day), "lest they should be defiled,"‡ so as to be unable to eat the Passover,§ and that the last supper took place "before the feast of the Passover," *πρὸ τῆς ἑορτῆς τοῦ πάσχα*. It is argued that all these expressions may be so explained as to allow of an identification of meaning with the other Gospels. This is where the conflict now halts.

The light which the Talmud sheds upon the subject is such as to render doubt impossible. Throughout Palestine, after sunset on the 14th of Nisan, and in Jerusalem after noon on that day, it was criminal either to buy or to sell; and not only so, but it was forbidden to carry a scrip or loose purse, to remove an object from one domicile to another, or to carry even the smallest coin in a purse, if one were permanently attached to the girdle. The full rigidity of the law of Sabbath applied to the Passover. When we find it stated, therefore, that "some thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, 'Buy that we have need of against the feast,'" we are certain that the writer (if aware of the customs of Palestine, which differed in many respects from those of the Jews residing out of Syria) could not have intended to identify the Last Supper with the Passover. The nearest occasion on which the 15th of Nisan fell on the Sabbath was three years after the true date of the Crucifixion.§ Ebrard, in commenting on this question in his "Gospel History" (pp. 399-401), has cited several of the most important passages in the Talmud that throw light on the observance of the Passover. With a candour as honourable as it is rare he has retracted the opinion that he formerly maintained as to the determination of date derivable from the fourth gospel. But when he goes on to argue that in the year A.D. 33 the Pass-

over might have been kept on the third day of the astronomical lunation, in consequence of a supposed obscuration of the new moon by clouds on the first and second days, he takes a position which a little wider study of Hebrew literature would have shown him to be utterly untenable. In the Holy Land no artificial calendar was kept, but the feasts of trumpets which celebrated the new moons were regulated by actual observation of the crescent. From the time of the preceding full moon it was easy to tell when the new moon was due. On that evening it was watched for throughout Palestine, and those who first observed it hastened to give evidence of the fact before the Sanhedrin; the law of the Sabbath day being relaxed to allow of their journey for that purpose. It is recorded that as many as forty pairs of witnesses once passed through Lydda on the Sabbath. It was necessary that the witnesses should be persons of good character. They were questioned by the Bethdin as to the form and position of the new moon; and if they had seen it only through clouds, through glass, or reflected in water, the evidence was not accepted. Evidence was receivable during the thirtieth day of the expiring month, up to the time of the evening prayer. If it was accepted, a beacon was lighted on Mount Olivet, and the light sped from mountain to mountain, "until" the whole country appeared like a blazing fire.\* If the moon was not seen on the proper day, the next day was taken to be the first of the month. A delay of two days, assumed by Ebrard to have occurred, was impossible.

No phenomenon within the range of written history is of higher interest, as shedding light on the great problem of the secular education of mankind, than the mutual relation between the Jewish Law and the character of the Jewish people. The length of time over which our more or less minute knowledge of the case extends is, in itself, a feature of signal importance. The line by which the duration of the Chinese monarchy, from its first assuming the hereditary form under Yu, to its present existence under the 22nd dynasty, is to be measured, is indeed longer by one-fifth than that which limits the history of any Semitic people; and yet the language of the Golden Empire has not passed, during

\* John xix. 14.

† John xix. 31.

‡ John xviii. 28.

§ Pesachim iv. 1., vi. 1. Sabbath, x. 8., xxiv. 1. Megillah, i. 4. Moed Katton, ii. 4. Beracoth, ix. 5.

\* Rosh Hashana, ii. 4. Novilunii Initiatio, ii. 5. iv. 2.

that long era, beyond its original monosyllabic form. But the laws and literature of China have exerted no sensible influence on those of Europe, which trace their affiliation on the one side to Moses and the Hebrew prophets, and on the other to the philosophers of Greece, and to the laws of Rome. The duration of the thirty-three dynasties of Egypt, down to the termination of the independent existence of the monarchy at the battle of Actium, is again nearly eight centuries longer than that of the Chinese Empire; and the influence of Egyptian art and science, indirectly transmitted to us, has been very considerable. But our nearest point of contact with this lengthened chain, under the corrupt decadence of the Ptolemies, is so distant from our own days, and we possess, as yet, so little of the real history of Egypt, that the interest which it excites is not in any way comparable to that which attaches to the investigation of the influence of Semitic traditions upon European thought.

Synchronisms between the history of Persia, of Assyria, and of Egypt, and a carefully restored sacred chronology, checked by the regular revolution of the Sabbatic years and years of Jubilee, enable us to speak with something approaching to absolute certitude as to the date of the origin of the Law of the Jewish people. The Pentateuch, Prophets, and Hagiographa can only be identified, as existing in their present form, as far back as the time of Ezra; the close of the Book of Nehemiah being contemporaneous with the reading, by Herodotus, of his history at the Olympic Games. The Latin version of Jerome takes us back, at a single stride, to the fourth century, before which date the Talmud was committed to writing. The Greek Septuagint version carries back the verification of the text, at least of the Law, for 640 years further; although in some parts, especially in the Book of Daniel, the variations of reading (or rather of editions) are remarkable, and by no means understood. (We have another example of the existence of parallel editions in the case of the Books of Ezra, as contained in the Vulgate, and of Esdras, as given in the Apocrypha.) But there are marks, in our present text, of that recension, at the time of the return from Babylon, which the Talmud states to have been made by Ezra. The very smell of fire lingers on the scraps and fragments of genealogies which are preserved in the Books of Chronicles. The pedigrees of certain

families of the priests were lost in the great catastrophe of the capture and burning of the city; and the verification, by oracle, of the purity of their descent, which was awaited in the time of Zerubabel, has never since occurred. The study of the Talmud shows how trenchant a line has been drawn across the course of Jewish history by the conquest of Nebuchadnezzar. One remarkable and unfortunate characteristic of the labours of the doctors of the Law, the Tanaites and Amoraim, for these eight centuries of discussion, is, that they have never occupied themselves for a single moment with any research of an historic character. They have grossly confused the dates; they have not even taken the pains to draw out those comparative tables of genealogy for which materials actually exist, and the value of which, in checking the chronological reckoning, is so great. Instead of consulting history for the known dates of events intimately connected with the fortunes of Judea, they have fixed their periods by cabalistic inference from individual verses of the Prophets or the Hagiographa, and are thus in error by more than 180 years as to the well-known era of Alexander the Great. Maimonides, the greatest author since the completion of the Talmud, is perfectly contemptuous of any learning but his own. He makes a leap of at least 200 years in his account of the tradition of the Oral Law directly from Phineas to Eli; and he not unfrequently opposes his own *ipse dixit*, both to the Bible and to the Talmud, as in his comment on the passage, "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto Me."

But while we thus are far from being able to verify a full history of Jewish law and Jewish morals up to its very source, the portion as to which no doubt can arise is both venerable for its antiquity and prodigious in its extent. The Talmud, however some portions of the Ghemara may have been modified by hatred to Christianity, represents the contemporary intellectual and moral life of the Jewish people for a period of 800 years. Its connection with the Written Law is so close and so minute that, whatever modifications may have been gradually introduced during 2,000 years of oral tradition, it is impossible to question the originally contemporary character of the Mikra and the Mishna—that is to say, of the Pentateuch and its traditional complement. And there is a consideration of primary importance with reference to the limits

within which modifications, either of the Law or of the Comment, must have been confined. Not to speak of the painful care with which every letter of the former is enumerated (as in the case of the Koran), and the strict precautions which hedge the transcription of every legal copy,\* the very central spirit of the entire Semitic life is abhorrence of change. The present formula of the Jewish creed (in the 9th article), that the Divine Law was given to Moses, and was never to be changed, finds an echo in every broken scene of Jewish history that stands out from the mist of the past. Obedience to precedent, respect for the age, whether of contemporary elders or of the ancient rulers of the nation, and belief that innovation is a crime bringing with it its own punishment, are characteristics of Oriental thought; and justify the opinion that a care of the sacred books, similar to that which has marked the last 2,000 years, must have watched over them from their very first dictation. Only one great break in their literary tradition is known to have occurred; and even that was bridged over by the memory of the members of the Sanhedrin, who wept over the foundation of the second Temple, in fresh remembrance of the glory of the first.

Before the advent of Christ three great periods of intellectual activity occurred in the history of the Jews in Palestine. The unexampled impulse given by Moses, and sustained by Joshua, appears to have died out with Phineas, the grandson of Aaron. With the possession of ample room, and all the requisites of Eastern life, the political condition of the Jews seems to have sunk towards the limit of national extinction, when the next great impulse was given by Samuel, and sustained by David and by Solomon. While some of the descendants of that great monarch made their rule and their arms respected, the religious utterances, which mark the central life of the people, seem then to have slumbered, until they burst out, for a period of little more than half a century, about the time when the attempt of Ahaz to assimilate the habits of his people to those of surrounding nations was followed by the vigorous reaction under Hezekiah. Eight of the prophets whose writings are extant belong to this epoch. Sixty years after the death of Hezekiah, a fresh period of royal enthusiasm, and prophetic encouragement and

warning, commenced with the reign of Josiah. This continued, at intervals, through the fall of the monarchy, the captivity of the people, and the return of the captives from Babylon, to close about the time of the death of Ezra. If we call, with the doctors of the Talmud, this great restorer a prophet, this third period was illustrated by ten prophetic writers, including the author of the second part of the book now placed under the title of Isaiah. From Nehemiah to Simon the Just, the contemporary of the first doctors of the Talmud, or Tanaites, the period that elapsed was less than a century and a half.

We do not deny that a perfectly competent criticism may trace some change, not only in literary style, but even in dogmatic belief, by carefully investigating the works of this long series of writers. But when we remark the very close adherence of the latest great Jewish doctors to the precise language of Moses and of the early prophets, it seems impossible to doubt that the signs of the unity of faith, opinion, and practice that has prevailed for the long period of 3,400 years are far more discernible than those of change, of innovation, or of what we call development. And yet, when we regard the active life of the Jewish people during the first century of our era, as the pages of the Evangelists and those of the Talmud, mutually illuminating one another, present it to our view, we must admit that the ancient Law was not absolutely independent of the change which attends on time. That change must, indeed, have been as gradual and imperceptible as in the case of a slow-growing tree. Or, rather, it may be compared to the gradual crystallization of stalactites over the surface of a rock. In speaking of these secular transformations, we must lay aside the language, not only of theology, but of ordinary ethical writing. For we find good and evil to change places, as regarded on the one hand by the legislators of the Jewish and of the Arabian faiths, and on the other by the teachers of modern Europe. What we call progress, Moses, or those who sat in the seat of Moses, called crime; what we call toleration, they called idolatry. Where we speak of the comity of nations, of mutual forbearance, of philanthropy as distinguished from patriotism, and of the increasing civilization of the human race, the doctors of the Law could only see the breach of the Divine ordinances, the denial of the special privileges of the

\* See the entire contents of tract *Sopherim*.

chosen people, and the provocation of God's wrath.

It is probable that any effectual opposition to the idolatry into which symbolism had degenerated by the date of the 18th Egyptian dynasty, would have been hopeless under a less Draconic law than that of Moses. Even as it was, with every transgression plainly and distinctly defined, and incurring, if voluntary, the punishment of death; with the permanent machinery of a priesthood, dependent for their livelihood upon the religious faith of the people, and of the central, provincial, and local councils, bound to take cognizance of the smallest breach of the law; idolatry was never kept at arm's length until the brand of the Captivity of Babylon had sunk deep into the flesh. The state of mind that led to this idolatry was by no means so harshly opposed to the early form of the Jewish religion as we are wont to imagine. To the kings of Moab and of Babylon there was as much vital energy in their national worship as most of the Jewish rulers acknowledged in their own. To all these nations many of the externals of religion were in common. Each had a holy place, a local temple, a hereditary priesthood, a liturgic service, constant sacrificial offering, and the answer of an invoked oracle. The absence of any fictile symbol of the Divinity, which characterized alike the temple of Jerusalem and the groves of our Teutonic ancestors, was not such a convincing sign of a more spiritual worship as to lead other nations to admit the great superiority of the Divinity of the Jews. The reality of that Presence was recognized, beyond doubt, by neighbouring tribes. Pharaoh and Abimelech, the priests of Egypt, the lords of the Canaanites, the king of Syria, and the king of Babylon, all admitted the power of the God of the Jews, though they held it to be limited by, and coexistent with, that of their own tutelary divinities. The temptation to the Jew, when in trouble, to seek the aid of a neighbouring and visibly-symbolized Divinity, which others told him had been efficacious in their own experience, was great and constant. If properly named infidelity, it was the very reverse of Atheism. It was what we call the spirit of toleration and of free inquiry. The extinction of this spirit was a primary aim of the Jewish legislation. The fierce, proud, intolerant temper of the people was methodically developed for this very purpose. It was not until they had passed through the penance of the Captivity that their readiness to blend with other Semitic tribes

was destroyed. But with this establishment of the purity of their own exclusive faith, a hatred of all who were not Jews was ineffaceably implanted.

If we regard the true religious progress of mankind to be that from a reign of terror to a reign of love; from the fear and dread of an invisible Avenger to the faith claimed by the All-Father, we must attribute but a small advance in this direction to the influence of the Jewish polity. We are hardly in a condition to judge at what cost it might be desirable to make a permanent protest against that idolatry into which the use of symbols seems unavoidably to degenerate; or against the grosser practices of a Polytheism, of which the spirit yet dictates the invocation of celestial mediators, and spreads the dread of evil spirits. But the protest, as offered by Judaism, involved the intimate belief of the Jew in the especial dignity of his own nation. For the Jew, among all nations, and, among the Jews themselves, for the Rabbi, was created not only this world, but the world to come — not only earth but the attendant planetary fires. This portion of the Jewish doctrine, *mutato nomine*, finds a daily echo in places not altogether remote from our own Northern metropolis.

Here, then, lay the crucial point of the difficulty raised by the teaching of Christ. If the Jew was not to hate the Gentile, where were his long-cherished privileges? If he was to commune with the uncircumcised, where was the fence of the Law? where the long traditions of the Elders? where the unchangeable character of the Divine Law? We doubt whether the real nature of this enormous difficulty has been ever candidly placed before the world. We half doubt whether any modern writers have presented to the Jews of our day any case which the latter would have been justified not only in admitting, but even in taking into serious consideration. There is enough in the Jewish doctrine of the double advent of the King Messiah to render it easy for the rabbins to reconsider the question of the claim of Christ to be regarded as the subject of the prophecies of Zechariah and earlier prophets. But the attempt of Paul to convince his fellow-countrymen that he was "saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come" has not been repeated by the doctors of Roman Christendom.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like an *aperçu* of the ethics of Judaism. In fact, the main subject of our complaint is the fact that the scholarship

of the West has been content to remain in ignorance of the authorities from which such an *aperçu* might be drawn up. But we must give some example of what we mean by saying that the Law, which the Jews hold to be unalterable, has, in point of fact, followed the invariable fate of all human institutions — or let us rather say of all institutions that deal with the wants and habits of humanity.

On no subject are the doctors of the Talmud so prone to dilate as on that of the relation between the sexes. The law of betrothal, the rights and rites of marriage, the law of divorce, and the peculiar Jewish institution of Yeboom, or the marriage of the childless widow of a brother, are the subjects of distinct and voluminous treatises. The third of the six orders of the Talmud, consisting of seven tracts, is entirely occupied with the subject of the rights and duties of women, and of men in relation to women. But in addition to this, questions of the same nature are continually springing forth from ambush in the Ghemara.

It is very difficult, however, to convey to the English reader in appropriate language the mode in which that subject is approached by the Jewish doctors of the Law. Delicacy, according to our ideas, is to them a thing utterly unknown. For modesty they have neither name nor place. Chastity, as exalted into a virtue by the Roman Church, is esteemed by the Halaca to be a violation of a distinct command of the written Law. Virginity, after mature years, is a stigma, if not a sin. With the exception of the prohibition of marriage within certain close limits of consanguinity, which do not forbid a man to take to wife the daughter of his brother or sister, almost the sole duty as to marital relations enforced by the Talmud is the fidelity of a wife to her husband during the existence of the technical marriage-tie. The number of wives legal seems to have been limited only by the wealth of the husband; the rights of contemporary wives up to the number of four (the Mohammedan legal number) being severally discussed in the tract Kedushin. Some question has been raised by modern Jewish writers as to that unlimited freedom of divorce which seems to be contemplated by the tract Gittin. On this point a dispute existed at the time of Christ between the Beth Hillel and the Beth Shamai; the two great schools which seem to have been principally based on the principle of mutual contradiction. The question

was submitted to the decision of Christ by the Pharisees,\* and replied to by Him almost in the exact words used by the doctors of the Beth Shamai. The Beth Hillel, on the contrary, held that a man was at liberty to divorce his wife for the most trifling cause, such as spoiling a dish. Rabbi Akhiba, a contemporary of Christ, allowed it in the case of a man finding a woman fairer in his eyes than his wife! The modern Jews urge that no society could exist in which such an excuse for divorce was allowable, and insist that the Halaca, or doctrinal decision of the Talmud, rejects the interpretation of R. Akhiba, and discourages divorces except for a legal object. But a special form of bill of divorce, called a bald Get, is mentioned in the treatise Gittin, for an explanation of which the treatise Baba Kama is cited. This was a folded and stitched document, on every fold of which it was necessary that the name of a witness should be signed. It was instituted for the express purpose of complicating, and thus delaying, in the case of a priest, the summary proceeding which constituted a divorce, namely, the mere delivery to the wife of a written and witnessed permission to marry anyone she chose. And the reason assigned is, that the priests were often in the habit of divorcing their wives in a sudden fit of passion, of which they repented soon after, when, as priests, it was unlawful for them to take them back, after having gone through the brief formality of delivering the Get. When a special provision against the hasty passion of the priests assumed so determinate a form, we may judge what was likely to be the practice among the bulk of the people. In fact the limitation proposed by the school of Shamai appears to involve a self-contradiction, not as far as morality is concerned, but as regards the actual import of the law. For the provisions as regarded a wife suspected of infidelity were sharp and stern. The treatise Sootah prescribes the administration of the ordeal of the water of separation in any case of suspicion. And the Ghemara shows that the mere fact of being alone with a man constituted a case of legal suspicion, in which it was incumbent on the husband to demand the ordeal. The punishment, in case of conviction, was death. The fact that no room was left for the application of the law of divorce in the sole

\* Mark x. 2.

case to which Beth Shamaï would restrict its application, is enough to prove that, however opposed the opposite view might be to sound morality, it was quite consistent with the legislation on the subject.

Another point in which the Oral Law of the Jews appears to have passed, by the time of the completion of the Talmud, through phases similar to those familiar to English lawyers under the name of legal fictions, regards the law of the Sabbath. The precept to rest from work on that day obtained such a comprehensive application, that the question arose whether the wearing of a false tooth on leaving the house on the Sabbath (as being something borne as a burden by the wearer) was not a breach of the law. After sunset on the eve of the Sabbath it was forbidden to go forth with a weapon, with a needle, with a chain, a finger-ring, a girdle, or a purse. Thirty-nine principal occupations are named as forbidden on the Sabbath. Among these are : to tie, to untie, to sew two or more stitches, to kindle or to extinguish fire, to write two letters of the alphabet, or to carry anything from one domicile to another. The excessive severity into which the original command of reposing from work on the Sabbath had thus become exaggerated, was met by certain legal fictions respecting what is called "reshuth," for which the nearest equivalent is the term domicile.

In the Seder Moed, or second order of the Talmud, which treats of Festivals, the first treatise regards the due observance of the Sabbath-day. But this is followed by the tract Erubin, or the combination of places and limits, by means of which the extreme rigour of the rabbinical ordinances may be considerably lightened. This legislation is so entirely conventional as to show that its growth and development must have been tardy. Thus, according to the Mishna, no man is allowed to go beyond 2,000 paces from the bounds of his domicile on the day of rest — the Sabbath-day's journeys of the Gospels. But if he has deposited food for two meals in any particular place, before the Sabbath, he has established a legal domicile there, beyond which he may go for 2,000 paces. Again, the houses in a court or street may be combined into one "reshuth," so as to allow things to be conveyed from one house to another on the Sabbath. Perhaps the most striking proof of the extremely artificial and conventional nature of this elaborate legis-

lation is to be found in the decision, that a man is guilty who plucks a flower, leaf, or fruit from a plant growing in a perforated flower-pot, but guiltless if the pot be not perforated.\*

It is impossible to contemplate the history of the Jewish nation as controlled by the iron rule of tradition, and fettered by the subtleties of the Halaca, without a certain feeling of melancholy. There is so much in the heroic endurance of this ancient race ; in the sublime contempt of their paternal faith for chance and change in human affairs ; in their unshaken expectation, with that which is the evidence of things unseen, of the King Messiah ; in the noble confession, "and though He retard his coming, yet will I wait for Him till He appears ;" to command sympathy and respect, that we may at first feel at a loss to account for the strict exclusion of the Jews from the comity of nations. The folk lore of the world is instinct with anticipation of good to come. *Rex quondam, Rexque futurus*, was the epitaph of a legendary king, of our own blood, that attested this common expectation. Don Sebastian is even yet expected in Portugal to return from his protracted exile. The sleep of Ragner Lodbrok is to be broken when the old Norse king's time has come. The advent of the twelfth Imaum is expected by the disciples of the Arabian Prophet. No less local, personal, and certain is the reign of Christ which some Christians hold to be foretold on earth, and designate as the Millennium. So closely do these expectations, notably the last, join with the one great conservative element of the Jewish creed, that we might be tempted to suppose that the differences which separate that nation from Islam or from Christendom are little other than those idle dogmatic subtleties, which have but little philosophical weight, although they often raise polemical controversy to its whitest glow.

But when we sound the sombre, exclusive, pitiless depths of the inner doctrine of the Talmud, we see that a reason exists for that marked and secular demarcation between the Jew and the Gentile, for which we were about to blame our own intolerance. Purposely and rigidly, in exile no less than in the splendour of the theocratic polity, has the hand of the Jew been directed by the depositaries of his traditions against every man. It is the law of self-defence that has raised the

\* Sabbath, x. 6.

hand of every man against him. Our ancestors were not, after all, so blindly cruel as some writers are too ready to admit. Offers of friendship and of brotherhood are as powerless as are the fires of the Inquisition to break down that moral wall, substantial as the very fortress wall of the Temple, that resisted the voice of Christ, and that has been strengthened by the constant efforts of the doctors of the Talmud for five centuries after the fall of Jerusalem. The power of resistance is the same at this moment that it was two thousand years ago. The point of attack is still the same as in the days of Herod. To the question, "Who is my neighbour?" the Talmud returns one reply, and the parable of the Good Samaritan another. The mercy to be shown, as Moses taught, to the stranger, is qualified by the Halaca by the assumption that he must also be a proselyte. All questions as to which accord would be otherwise possible, whether in the historic past, or the dimly predicted future, are insoluble, while the justice, mercy, and truth — the weightier matters of the Law — are, by the guardians of the Law of Moses, confined to those of their own faith and blood. The vitality of Judaism was contained in the doctrine, that the Jews had one father, even God. The hope of the future of humanity lies in the good tidings that God is the common Father of mankind.

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THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON waking some morning, have you ever felt, reader, as if a change for the brighter in the world, without and within you, had suddenly come to pass — some new glory has been given to the sunshine, some fresh balm to the air — you feel younger, and happier, and lighter, in the very beat of your heart — you almost fancy you hear the chime of some spiritual music far off, as if in the deeps of heaven? You are not at first conscious how, or wherefore, this change has been brought about. Is it the effect of a dream in the gone sleep, that has made this morning so different from mornings that have dawned before? And while vaguely asking yourself that question, you become

aware that the cause is no mere illusion, that it has its substance in words spoken by living lips, in things that belong to the work-day world.

It was thus that Isaura woke the morning after the conversation with Alain de Rochebriant, and as certain words, then spoken, echoed back on her ear, she knew why she was so happy, why the world was so changed.

In those words she heard the voice of Graham Vane — no! she had not deceived herself — she was loved! she was loved! What mattered that long cold interval of absence? She had not forgotten — she could not believe that absence had brought forgetfulness. There are moments when we insist on judging another's heart by our own. All would be explained some day — all would come right.

How lovely was the face that reflected itself in the glass as she stood before it smoothing back her long hair, murmuring sweet snatches of Italian love-song, and blushing with sweeter love-thoughts as she sang! All that had passed in that year so critical to her outer life — the authorship, the fame, the public career, the popular praise — vanished from her mind as a vapour that rolls from the face of a lake to which the sunlight restores the smile of a brightened heaven.

She was more the girl now than she had ever been since the day on which she sat reading Tasso on the craggy shore of Sorrento.

Singing still as she passed from her chamber, and entering the sitting-room, which fronted the east, and seemed bathed in the sunbeams of deepening May, she took her bird from its cage, and stopped her song to cover it with kisses, which perhaps yearned for vent somewhere.

Later in the day she went out to visit Valérie. Recalling the altered manner of her young friend, her sweet nature became troubled. She divined that Valérie had conceived some jealous pain which she longed to heal; she could not bear the thought of leaving any one that day unhappy. Ignorant before of the girl's feelings towards Alain, she now partly guessed them — one woman who loves in secret is clairvoyante as to such secrets in another.

Valérie received her visitor with a coldness she did not attempt to disguise. Not seeming to notice this, Isaura commenced the conversation with frank mention of Rochebriant. "I have to thank you so much, dear Valérie, for a pleasure

you could not anticipate — that of talking about an absent friend, and hearing the praise he deserved from one so capable of appreciating excellence as M. de Rochebriant appears to be."

"You were talking to M. de Rochebriant of an absent friend — ah! you seemed indeed very much interested in the conversation —"

"Do not wonder at that, Valérie; and do not grudge me the happiest moments I have known for months."

"In talking with M. de Rochebriant! No doubt, Mademoiselle Cicogna, you found him very charming."

To her surprise and indignation, Valérie here felt the arm of Isaura tenderly entwining her waist, and her face drawn towards Isaura's sisterly kiss.

"Listen to me, naughty child — listen and believe. M. de Rochebriant can never be charming to me — never touch a chord in my heart or my fancy, except as friend to another, or — kiss me in your turn, Valérie — as suitor to yourself."

Valérie here drew back her pretty child-like head, gazed keenly a moment into Isaura's eyes, felt convinced by the limpid candour of their unmistakable honesty, and flinging herself on her friend's bosom, kissed her passionately, and burst into tears.

The complete reconciliation between the two girls was thus peacefully effected; and then Isaura had to listen, at no small length, to the confidences poured into her ears by Valérie, who was fortunately too engrossed by her own hopes and doubts to exact confidences in return. Valérie's was one of those impulsive eager natures that longs for a confidente. Not so Isaura's. Only when Valérie had unburthened her heart, and been soothed and caressed into happy trust in the future, did she recall Isaura's explanatory words, and said, archly: "And your absent friend? Tell me about him. Is he as handsome as Alain?"

"Nay," said Isaura, rising to take up the mantle and hat she had laid aside on entering, "they say that the colour of a flower is in our vision, not in the leaves." Then with a grave melancholy in the look she fixed upon Valérie, she added: "Rather than distrust of me should occasion you pain, I have pained myself, in making clear to you the reason why I felt interest in M. de Rochebriant's conversation. In turn, I ask of you a favour — do not on this point question me farther. There are some things in our past which influence the present, but to which we dare

not assign a future — on which we cannot talk to another. What soothsayer can tell us if the dream of a yesterday will be renewed on the night of a morrow? All is said — we trust one another, dearest."

#### CHAPTER II.

THAT evening the Morleys looked in at Isaura's on their way to a crowded assembly at the house of one of those rich Americans, who were then outvying the English residents at Paris in the good graces of Parisian society. I think the Americans get on better with the French than the English do — I mean the higher class of Americans. They spend more money; their men speak French better; the women are better dressed, and, as a general rule, have read more largely, and converse more frankly.

Mrs. Morley's affection for Isaura had increased during the last few months. As so notable an advocate of the ascendancy of her sex, she felt a sort of grateful pride in the accomplishments and growing renown of so youthful a member of the oppressed sisterhood. But, apart from that sentiment, she had conceived a tender mother-like interest for the girl who stood in the world so utterly devoid of family ties, so destitute of that household guardianship and protection which, with all her assertion of the strength and dignity of woman, and all her opinions as to woman's right of absolute emancipation from the conventions fabricated by the selfishness of man, Mrs. Morley was too sensible not to value for the individual, though she deemed it not needed for the mass. Her great desire was that Isaura should marry well, and soon. American women usually marry so young, that it seemed to Mrs. Morley an anomaly in social life, that one so gifted in mind and person as Isaura should already have passed the age in which the belles of the great Republic are enthroned as wives and consecrated as mothers.

We have seen that in the past year she had selected from our unworthy but necessary sex, Graham Vane as a suitable spouse to her young friend. She had divined the state of his heart — she had more than suspicions of the state of Isaura's. She was exceedingly perplexed, and exceedingly chafed at the Englishman's strange disregard to his happiness and her own projects. She had counted, all this past winter, on his return to Paris; and she became convinced that some misunderstanding, possibly some lover's quarrel, was the cause of his protracted

absence, and a cause that, if ascertained, could be removed. A good opportunity now presented itself—Colonel Morley was going to London the next day. He had business there which would detain him at least a week. He would see Graham; and as she considered her husband the shrewdest and wisest person in the world—I mean of the male sex—she had no doubt of his being able to turn Graham's mind thoroughly inside out, and ascertain his exact feelings, views, and intentions. If the Englishman, thus assayed, were found of base metal, then, at least, Mrs. Morley would be free to cast him altogether aside, and coin for the uses of the matrimonial market some nobler effigy in purer gold.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Morley, in low voice, nestling herself close to Isaura, while the Colonel, duly instructed, drew off the Venosta, "have you heard anything lately of our pleasant friend Mr. Vane?"

You can guess with what artful design Mrs. Morley put that question point-blank, fixing keen eyes on Isaura while she put it. She saw the heightened colour, the quivering lip, of the girl thus abruptly appealed to, and she said, inly: "I was right—she loves him!"

"I heard of Mr. Vane last night—accidentally."

"Is he coming to Paris soon?"

"Not that I know of. How charmingly that wreath becomes you! it suits the earrings so well, too."

"Frank chose it; he has good taste for a man. I trust him with my commissions to Hunt and Roskell's, but I limit him as to price, he is so extravagant—men are, when they make presents. They seem to think we value things according to their cost. They would gorge us with jewels, and let us starve for want of a smile. Not that Frank is so bad as the rest of them. But *à propos* of Mr. Vane—Frank will be sure to see him, and scold him well for deserting us all. I should not be surprised if he brought the deserter back with him, for I send a little note by Frank, inviting him to pay us a visit. We have spare rooms in our apartments."

Isaura's heart heaved beneath her robe, but she replied in a tone of astonishing indifference: "I believe this is the height of the London season, and Mr. Vane would probably be too engaged to profit even by an invitation so tempting."

"*Nous verrons.* How pleased he will be to hear of your triumphs! He admired you so much before you were fa-

mous: what will be his admiration now! Men are so vain—they care for us so much more when people praise us. But, till we have put the creatures in their proper place, we must take them for what they are."

Here the Venosta, with whom the poor Colonel had exhausted all the arts at his command for chaining her attention, could be no longer withheld from approaching Mrs. Morley, and venting her admiration of that lady's wreath, earrings, robes, flounces. This dazzling apparition had on her the effect which a candle has on a moth—she fluttered round it, and longed to absorb herself in its blaze. But the wreath especially fascinated her—a wreath which no prudent lady with colourings less pure, and features less exquisitely delicate than the pretty champion of the rights of woman, could have fancied on her own brows without a shudder. But the Venosta in such matters was not prudent. "It can't be, dear," she cried piteously, extending her arms towards Isaura. "I must have one exactly like. Who made it? *Cara signora*, give me the address."

"Ask the Colonel, dear Madame; he chose and bought it," and Mrs. Morley glanced significantly at her well-tutored Frank.

"Madame," said the Colonel, speaking in English, which he usually did with the Venosta—who valued herself on knowing that language, and was flattered to be addressed in it—while he amused himself by introducing into its forms the dainty Americanisms with which he puzzled the Britisher—he might well puzzle the Florentine—"Madame, I am too anxious for the appearance of my wife to submit to the test of a rival screamer like yourself in the same apparel. With all the homage due to a sex of which I am enthused dreadful, I decline to designate the florist from whom I purchased Mrs. Morley's head fixings."

"Wicked man!" cried the Venosta, shaking her finger at him coquettishly. "You are jealous! Fie! a man should never be jealous of a woman's rivalry with woman;" and then with a cynicism that might have become a greybeard, she added, "but of his own sex every man should be jealous—though of his dearest friend. Isn't it so, *Colonello*?"

The Colonel looked puzzled, bowed, and made no reply.

"That only shows," said Mrs. Morley, rising, "what villains the Colonel has the misfortune to call friends and fellow-men."

"I fear it is time to go," said Frank, glancing at the clock.

In theory the most rebellious, in practice the most obedient, of wives, Mrs. Morley here kissed Isaura, resettled her crinoline, and shaking hands with the Venosta, retreated to the door.

"I shall have the wreath yet," cried the Venosta, impishly. "*La speranza è femmina*" (Hope is female).

"Alas!" said Isaura, half mournfully, half smiling — "alas! do you not remember what the poet replied when asked what disease was most mortal? — 'the hectic fever caught from the chill of hope.'"

### CHAPTER III.

GRAHAM VANE was musing very gloomily in his solitary apartment one morning, when his servant announced Colonel Morley.

He received his visitor with more than the cordiality with which every English politician receives an American citizen. Graham liked the Colonel too well for what he was in himself, to need any national title to his esteem. After some preliminary questions and answers as to the health of Mrs. Morley, the length of the Colonel's stay in London, what day he could dine with Graham at Richmond or Gravesend, the Colonel took up the ball. "We have been reckoning to see you at Paris, sir, for the last six months."

"I am very much flattered to hear that you have thought of me at all; but I am not aware of having warranted the expectation you so kindly express."

"I guess you must have said something to my wife which led her to do more than expect — to reckon on your return. And, by the way, sir, I am charged to deliver to you this note from her, and to back the request it contains that you will avail yourself of the offer. Without summarizing the points I do so."

Graham glanced over the note addressed to him: —

"DEAR MR. VANE, — Do you forget how beautiful the environs of Paris are in May and June? how charming it was last year at the lake of Enghien? how gay were our little dinners out of doors in the garden arbours, with the Savarins and the fair Italian, and her incomparably amusing chaperon? Frank has my orders to bring you back to renew these happy days, while the birds are in their first song, and the leaves are in their youngest green. I have prepared your

rooms *chez nous* — a chamber that looks out on the Champs Elysées, and a quiet *cabinet de travail* at the back, in which you can read, write, or sulk, undisturbed. Come, and we will again visit Enghien and Montmorency. Don't talk of engagements. If man proposes, woman disposes. Hesitate not — obey. Your sincere little friend,  
LIZZY."

"My dear Morley," said Graham, with emotion, "I cannot find words to thank your wife sufficiently for an invitation so graciously conveyed. Alas! I cannot accept it."

"Why?" asked the Colonel, dryly.

"I have too much to do in London."

"Is that the true reason, or am I to suspicion that there is anything, sir, which makes you dislike a visit to Paris?"

The Americans enjoy the reputation of being the frankest putters of questions whom liberty of speech has yet educated into *les recherches de la vérité*, and certainly Colonel Morley in this instance did not impair the national reputation.

Graham Vane's brow slightly contracted, and he bit his lip as if stung by a sudden pang; but after a moment's pause, he answered with a good-humoured smile —

"No man who has taste enough to admire the most beautiful city, and appreciate the charms of the most brilliant society in the world, can dislike Paris."

"My dear sir, I did not ask if you disliked Paris, but if there were anything that made you dislike coming back to it on a visit."

"What a notion! and what a cross-examiner you would have made if you had been called to the bar! surely, my dear friend, you can understand that when a man has in one place business which he cannot neglect, he may decline going to another place, whatever pleasure it would give him to do so. By the way, there is a great ball at one of the Minister's to-night; you should go there, and I will point out to you all those English notabilities in whom Americans naturally take interest. I will call for you at eleven o'clock. Lord —, who is a connection of mine, would be charmed to know you."

Morley hesitated; but when Graham said, "How your wife will scold you if you lose such an opportunity of telling her whether the Duchess of M — is as beautiful as report says, and whether Gladstone or Disraeli seem to your phrenological science to have the finer head!" the Colonel gave in, and it was settled

that Graham should call for him at the Langham Hotel.

That matter arranged, Graham probably hoped that his inquisitive visitor would take leave for the present, but the Colonel evinced no such intention. On the contrary, settling himself more at ease in his arm-chair, he said, "If I remember aright, you do not object to the odour of tobacco?"

Graham rose and presented to his visitor a cigar-box which he took from the mantelpiece.

The Colonel shook his head, and withdrew from his breast-pocket a leather case from which he extracted a gigantic regalia; this he lighted from a gold match-box in the shape of a locket attached to his watch-chain, and took two or three preliminary puffs with his head thrown back and his eyes meditatively intent upon the ceiling.

We know already that strange whim of the Colonel's (than whom, if he so pleased, no man could speak purer English as spoken by the Britisher) to assert the dignity of the American citizen by copious use of expressions and phrases familiar to the lips of the governing class of the great Republic — delicacies of speech which he would have carefully shunned in the polite circles of the Fifth Avenue in New York. Now the Colonel was much too experienced a man of the world not to be aware that the commission with which his Lizzy had charged him was an exceedingly delicate one; and it occurred to his mother wit that the best way to acquit himself of it, so as to avoid the risk of giving or of receiving serious affront, would be to push that whim of his into more than wonted exaggeration. Thus he could more decidedly and briefly come to the point; and should he, in doing so, appear too meddlesome, rather provoke a laugh than a frown — retiring from the ground with the honours due to a humourist. Accordingly in his deepest nasal intonation, and withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling, he began —

"You have not asked, sir, after the Signorina, or, as we popularly call her, Mademoiselle Cicogna?"

"Have I not? I hope she is quite well, and her lively companion, Signora Venosta."

"They are not sick, sir; or at least were not so last night when my wife and I had the pleasure to see them. Of course you have read Mademoiselle Ci-

cogna's book — a bright performance, sir, age considered."

"Certainly, I have read the book; it is full of unquestionable genius. Is Mademoiselle writing another? But of course she is."

"I am not aware of the fact, sir. It may be predicated; such a mind cannot remain inactive; and I know from M. Savarin and that rising young man Gustave Rameau, that the publishers bid high for her brains considerable. Two translations have already appeared in our country. Her fame, sir, will be world-wide. She may be another Georges Sand, or at least another Eulalie Grante-mesnil."

Graham's cheek became as white as the paper I write on. He inclined his head as in assent, but without a word. The Colonel continued —

"We ought to be very proud of her acquaintance, sir. I think you detected her gifts while yet they were un conjectured. My wife says so. You must be gratified to remember that, sir — clear grit, sir, and no mistake."

"I certainly more than once have said to Mrs. Morley, that I esteemed Mademoiselle's powers so highly that I hoped she would never become a stage singer and actress. But this M. Rameau? You say he is a rising man. It struck me when at Paris that he was one of those charlatans with a great deal of conceit and very little information, who are always found in scores on the ultra-Liberal side of politics; possibly I was mistaken."

"He is the responsible editor of '*Le Sens Commun*,' in which talented periodical Mademoiselle Cicogna's book was first raised."

"Of course I know that; a journal which, so far as I have looked into its political or social articles, certainly written by a cleverer and an older man than M. Rameau, is for unsettling all things and settling nothing. We have writers of that kind among ourselves — I have no sympathy with them. To me it seems that when a man says, 'Off with your head,' he ought to let us know what other head he would put on our shoulders, and by what process the change of heads shall be effected. Honestly speaking, if you and your charming wife are intimate friends and admirers of Mademoiselle Cicogna, I think you could not do her a greater service than that of detaching her from all connection with

men like M. Rameau, and journals like '*Le Sens Commun*.'"

The Colonel here withdrew his cigar from his lips, lowered his head to a level with Graham's, and relaxing into an arch significant smile, said, "Start to Paris, and dissuade her yourself. Start—go ahead—don't be shy—don't seesaw on the beam of speculation. You will have more influence with that young female than we can boast."

Never was England in greater danger of a quarrel with America than at that moment; but Graham curbed his first wrathful impulse, and replied in rather a cold manner—

"It seems to me, Colonel, that you, though very unconsciously, derogate from the respect due to Mademoiselle Cicogna. That the counsel of a married couple like yourself and Mrs. Morley should be freely given to and duly heeded by a girl deprived of her natural advisers in parents, is a reasonable and honourable supposition; but to imply that the most influential adviser of a young lady so situated is a young single man, in no way related to her, appears to me a dereliction of that regard to the dignity of her sex which is the chivalrous characteristic of your countrymen—and to Mademoiselle Cicogna herself, a surmise which she would be justified in resenting as an impertinence."

"I deny both allegations," replied the Colonel, serenely. "I maintain that a single man whips all connubial creation when it comes to gallantizing a single young woman; and that no young lady would be justified in resenting as impertinence my friendly suggestion to the single man so deserving of her consideration as I estimate you to be, to solicit the right to advise her for life. And that's a caution."

Here the Colonel resumed his regalia, and again gazed intent on the ceiling.

"Advise her for life! You mean, I presume, as a candidate for her hand."

"You don't Turkey now. Well, I guess, you are not wide of the mark there, sir."

"You do me infinite honour, but I do not presume so far."

"So, so—not as yet. Before a man who is not without gumption runs himself for Congress, he likes to calculate how the votes will run. Well, sir, suppose we are in caucus, and let us discuss the chances of the election with closed doors."

Graham could not help smiling at the

persistent officiousness of his visitor, but his smile was a very sad one.

"Pray change the subject, my dear Colonel Morley—it is not a pleasant one to me; and as regards Mademoiselle Cicogna, can you think it would not shock her to suppose that her name was dragged into the discussions you would provoke, even with closed doors?"

"Sir," replied the Colonel, imperturbably, "since the doors are closed, there is no one, unless it be a spirit listener under the table, who can wire to Mademoiselle Cicogna the substance of debate. And, for my part, I do not believe in spiritual manifestations. Fact is, that I have the most amicable sentiments towards both parties, and if there is a misunderstanding which is opposed to the union of the States, I wish to remove it while yet in time. Now, let us suppose that you decline to be a candidate; there are plenty of others who will run; and as an elector must choose one representative or other, so a gal must choose one husband or other. And then you only repent when it is too late. It is a great thing to be first in the field. Let us approximate to the point; the chances seem good—will you run?—Yes or No?"

"I repeat, Colonel Morley, that I entertain no such presumption."

The Colonel here, rising, extended his hand, which Graham shook with constrained cordiality, and then leisurely walked to the door; there he paused, as if struck by a new thought, and said gravely, in his natural tone of voice, "You have nothing to say, sir, against the young lady's character and honour?"

"I!—heavens, no! Colonel Morley, such a question insults me."

The Colonel resumed his deepest nasal bass: "It is only, then, because you don't fancy her now so much as you did last year—fact, you are soured on her and fly off the handle. Such things do happen. The same thing has happened to myself, sir. In my days of celibacy, there was a gal at Saratoga, whom I gallantized, and whom, while I was at Saratoga, I thought Heaven had made to be Mrs. Morley. I was on the very point of telling her so, when I was suddenly called off to Philadelphia; and at Philadelphia, sir, I found that Heaven had made another Mrs. Morley. I state this fact, sir, though I seldom talk of my own affairs, even when willing to tender my advice in the affairs of another, in order to prove that I do not intend to censure you if

Heaven has served you in the same manner. Sir, a man may go blind for one gal when he is not yet dry behind the ears, and then, when his eyes are skinned, go in for one better. All things mortal meet with a change, as my sister's little boy said when, at the age of eight, he quitted the Methodys and turned Shaker. Threep and argue as we may, you and I are both mortals — more's the pity. Good morning, sir (glancing at the clock, which proclaimed the hour of 3 P.M.), — I err — good evening."

By the post that day the Colonel transmitted a condensed and laconic report of his conversation with Graham Vane. I can state its substance in yet fewer words. He wrote word that Graham positively declined the invitation to Paris; that he had then, agreeably to Lizzy's instructions, ventilated the Englishman, in the most delicate terms, as to his intentions with regard to Isaura, and that no intentions at all existed. The sooner all thoughts of him were relinquished, and a new suitor on the ground, the better it would be for the young lady's happiness in the only state in which happiness should be, if not found, at least sought, whether by maid or man.

Mrs. Morley was extremely put out by this untoward result of the diplomacy she had intrusted to the Colonel; and when, the next day, came a very courteous letter from Graham, thanking her gratefully for the kindness of her invitation, and expressing his regret briefly, though cordially, without the most distant allusion to the subject which the Colonel had brought on the *tapis*, or even requesting his compliments to the Signoras Venosta and Cicogna, she was more than put out, more than resentful, — she was deeply grieved. Being, however, one of those gallant heroes of womankind who do not give in at the first defeat, she began to doubt whether Frank had not rather overstrained the delicacy which he said he had put into his "soundings." He ought to have been more explicit. Meanwhile she resolved to call on Isaura, and, without mentioning Graham's refusal of her invitation, endeavour to ascertain whether the attachment which she felt persuaded the girl secretly cherished for this recalcitrant Englishman were something more than the first romantic fancy — whether it were sufficiently deep to justify farther effort on Mrs. Morley's part to bring it to a prosperous issue.

She found Isaura at home and alone; and, to do her justice, she exhibited won-

derful tact in the fulfilment of the task she had set herself. Forming her judgment by manner and look — not words — she returned home, convinced that she ought to seize the opportunity afforded to her by Graham's letter. It was one to which she might very naturally reply, and in that reply she might convey the object at her heart more felicitously than the Colonel had done. "The cleverest man is," she said to herself, "stupid compared to an ordinary woman in the real business of life, which does not consist of fighting and money-making."

Now there was one point she had ascertained by words in her visit to Isaura — a point on which all might depend. She had asked Isaura when and where she had seen Graham last; and when Isaura had given her that information, and she learned it was on the eventful day on which Isaura gave her consent to the publication of her MS. if approved by Savarin, in the journal to be set up by the handsome-faced young author, she leapt to the conclusion that Graham had been seized with no unnatural jealousy, and was still under the illusive glamour of that green-eyed fiend. She was confirmed in this notion, not altogether an unsound one, when asking with apparent carelessness — "And in that last interview, did you see any change in Mr. Vane's manner, especially when he took leave?"

Isaura turned away pale, and involuntarily clasping her hands — as women do when they would suppress pain — replied, in a low tone, "His manner was changed."

Accordingly, Mrs. Morley sat down and wrote the following letter: —

"DEAR MR. VANE, — I am very angry indeed with you for refusing my invitation, — I had so counted on you, and I don't believe a word of your excuse. Engagements! To balls and dinners, I suppose, as if you were not much too clever to care about these silly attempts to enjoy solitude in crowd. And as to what you men call business, you have no right to have any business at all. You are not in commerce; you are not in Parliament; you told me yourself that you had no great landed estates to give you trouble; you are rich, without any necessity to take pains to remain rich, or to become richer; you have no business in the world except to please yourself; and when you will not come to Paris to see one of your truest friends — which I certainly am — it simply means,

that no matter how such a visit would please me, it does not please yourself. I call that abominably rude and ungrateful.

"But I am not writing merely to scold you. I have something else on my mind, and it must come out. Certainly, when you were at Paris last year you did admire, above all other young ladies, Isaura Cicogna. And I honoured you for doing so. I know no young lady to be called her equal. Well, if you admired her then, what would you do now if you met her? Then she was but a girl—very brilliant, very charming, it is true—but undeveloped, untested. Now she is a woman, a princess among women, but retaining all that is most lovable in a girl; so courted, yet so simple—so gifted, yet so innocent. Her head is not a bit turned by all the flattery that surrounds her. Come and judge for yourself. I still hold the door of the rooms destined to you open for repentance.

"My dear Mr. Vane, do not think me a silly match-making little woman when I write to you thus, *à cœur ouvert*.

"I like you so much that I would fain secure to you the rarest prize which life is ever likely to offer to your ambition. Where can you hope to find another Isaura? Among the stateliest daughters of your English dukes, where is there one whom a proud man would be more proud to show to the world, saying, 'She is mine!' where one more distinguished—I will not say by mere beauty, there she might be eclipsed—but by sweetness and dignity combined—in aspect, manner, every movement, every smile?

"And you, who are yourself so clever, so well read—you who would be so lonely with a wife who was not your companion, with whom you could not converse on equal terms of intellect,—my dear friend, where could you find a companion in whom you would not miss the poet-soul of Isaura? Of course I should not dare to obtrude all these questionings on your innermost reflections, if I had not some idea, right or wrong, that since the days when at Enghien and Montmorency, seeing you and Isaura side by side, I whispered to Frank, 'So should those two be through life,' some cloud has passed between your eyes and the future on which they gazed. Cannot that cloud be dispelled? Were you so unjust to yourself as to be jealous of a rival, perhaps of a Gustave Rameau? I write to you frankly—answer me frankly; and if you answer,—'Mrs. Morley, I don't know what you mean; I admired Made-

moiselle Cicogna as I might admire any other pretty accomplished girl, but it is really nothing to me whether she marries Gustave Rameau or any one else,'—why, then, burn this letter—forget that it has been written; and may you never know the pang of remorseful sigh, if, in the days to come, you see her—whose name in that case I should profane did I repeat it—the comrade of another man's mind, the half of another man's heart, the pride and delight of another man's blissful home."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE is somewhere in Lord Lytton's writings—writings so numerous that I may be pardoned if I cannot remember where—a critical definition of the difference between dramatic and narrative art of story, instanced by that marvellous passage in the loftiest of Sir Walter Scott's works, in which all the anguish of Ravenswood on the night before he has to meet Lucy's brother in mortal combat is conveyed without the spoken words required in tragedy. It is only to be conjectured by the tramp of his heavy boots to and fro all the night long in his solitary chamber, heard below by the faithful Caleb. The drama could not have allowed that treatment; the drama must have put into words as "soliloquy," agonies which the non-dramatic narrator knows that no soliloquy can describe. Humbly do I imitate, then, the great master of narrative in declining to put into words the conflict between love and reason that tortured the heart of Graham Vane when dropping noiselessly the letter I have just transcribed. He covered his face with his hands and remained—I know not how long—in the same position, his head bowed, not a sound escaping from his lips.

He did not stir from his rooms that day; and had there been a Caleb's faithful ear to listen, his tread, too, might have been heard all that sleepless night passing to and fro, but pausing oft, along his solitary floors.

Possibly love would have borne down all opposing reasonings, doubts, and prejudices, but for incidents that occurred the following evening. On that evening Graham dined *en famille* with his cousins the Altons. After dinner, the Duke produced the design for a cenotaph inscribed to the memory of his aunt, Lady Janet King, which he proposed to place in the family chapel at Alton.

"I know," said the Duke, kindly, "you

would wish the old house from which she sprang to preserve some such record of her who loved you as her son; and even putting you out of the question, it gratifies me to attest the claim of our family to a daughter who continues to be famous for her goodness, and made the goodness so lovable that envy forgave it for being famous. It was a pang to me when poor Richard King decided on placing her tomb among strangers; but in conceding his rights as to her resting-place, I retain mine to her name, '*Nostris liberis virtutis exemplar*.'

Graham wrung his cousin's hand—he could not speak, choked by suppressed tears.

The Duchess, who loved and honoured Lady Janet almost as much as did her husband, fairly sobbed aloud. She had, indeed, reason for grateful memories of the deceased: there had been some obstacles to her marriage with the man who had won her heart, arising from political differences and family feuds between their parents, which the gentle mediation of Lady Janet had smoothed away. And never did union founded on mutual and ardent love more belie the assertions of the great Bichat (esteemed by Dr. Buckle the finest intellect which practical philosophy has exhibited since Aristotle), that "Love is a sort of fever which does not last beyond two years," than that between these eccentric specimens of a class denounced as frivolous and heartless by philosophers, English and French, who have certainly never heard of Bichat.

When the emotion the Duke had exhibited was calmed down, his wife pushed towards Graham a sheet of paper, inscribed with the epitaph composed by his hand. "Is it not beautiful," she said, faltering—"not a word too much nor too little?"

Graham read the inscription slowly, and with very dimmed eyes. It deserved the praise bestowed on it; for the Duke, though a shy and awkward speaker, was an incisive and graceful writer.

Yet, in his innermost self, Graham shivered when he read that epitaph, it expressed so emphatically the reverential nature of the love which Lady Janet had inspired—the genial influences which the holiness of a character so active in doing good had diffused around it. It brought vividly before Graham that image of perfect spotless womanhood. And a voice within him asked, "Could that cenotaph be placed amid the monuments of an illustrious lineage if the secret

known to thee could transpire? What though the lost one were really as unsullied by sin as the world deems, would the name now treasured as an heirloom not be a memory of gall and a sound of shame?"

He remained so silent after putting down the inscription, that the Duke said modestly, "My dear Graham, I see that you do not like what I have written. Your pen is much more practised than mine. If I did not ask you to compose the epitaph, it was because I thought it would please you more in coming, as a spontaneous tribute due to her, from the representative of her family. But will you correct my sketch, or give me another according to your own ideas?"

"I see not a word to alter," said Graham: "forgive me if my silence wronged my emotion; the truest eloquence is that which holds us too mute for applause."

"I knew you would like it. Leopold is always so disposed to underrate himself," said the Duchess, whose hand was resting fondly on her husband's shoulder. "Epitaphs are so difficult to write—especially epitaphs on women of whom in life the least said the better. Janet was the only woman I ever knew whom one could praise in safety."

"Well expressed," said the Duke, smiling; "and I wish you would make that safety clear to some lady friends of yours, to whom it might serve as a lesson. Proof against every breath of scandal herself, Janet King never uttered and never encouraged one ill-natured word against another. But I am afraid, my dear fellow, that I must leave you to a tête-à-tête with Eleanor. You know that I must be at the House this evening—I only paired till half-past nine."

"I will walk down to the House with you, if you are going on foot."

"No," said the Duchess; "you must resign yourself to me for at least half an hour. I was looking over your aunt's letters to-day, and I found one which I wish to show you; it is all about yourself, and written within the last few months of her life." Here she put her arm into Graham's, and led him into her own private drawing-room, which, though others might call it a boudoir, she dignified by the name of her study. The Duke remained for some minutes thoughtfully leaning his arm on the mantelpiece. It was no unimportant debate in the Lords that night, and on a subject in which he took great interest, and the details of which he had thoroughly mas-

tered. He had been requested to speak, if only a few words, for his high character and his reputation for good sense gave weight to the mere utterance of his opinion. But though no one had more moral courage in action, the Duke had a terror at the very thought of addressing an audience which made him despise himself.

"Ah!" he muttered, "if Graham Vane were but in Parliament, I could trust him to say exactly what I would rather be swallowed up by an earthquake than stand up and say for myself. But now he has got money he seems to think of nothing but saving it."

#### CHAPTER V.

THE letter from Lady Janet, which the Duchess took from the desk and placed in Graham's hand, was in strange coincidence with the subject that for the last twenty-four hours had absorbed his thoughts and tortured his heart. Speaking of him in terms of affectionate eulogy, the writer proceeded to confide her earnest wish that he should not longer delay that change in life which, concentrating so much that is vague in the desires and aspirations of man, leaves his heart and his mind, made serene by the contentment of home, free for the steadfast consolidation of their warmth and their light upon the ennobling duties that unite the individual to his race.

"There is no one," wrote Lady Janet, "whose character and career a felicitous choice in marriage can have greater influence over than this dear adopted son of mine. I do not fear that in any case he will be liable to the errors of his brilliant father. His early reverse of fortune here seems to me one of those blessings which Heaven conceals in the form of affliction. For in youth, the genial freshness of his gay animal spirits, a native generosity mingled with desire of display and thirst for applause, made me somewhat alarmed for his future. But, though he still retains these attributes of character, they are no longer predominant; they are modified and chastened. He has learned prudence. But what I now fear most for him is that which he does not show in the world, which neither Leopold nor you seem to detect,—it is an exceeding sensitiveness of pride. I know not how else to describe it. It is so interwoven with the highest qualities, that I sometimes dread injury to them could it be torn away from the faultier ones which it supports.

"It is interwoven with that lofty independence of spirit which has made him refuse openings the most alluring to his ambition; it communicates a touching grandeur to his self-denying thrift; it makes him so tenacious of his word once given, so cautious before he gives it. Public life to him is essential; without it he would be incomplete; and yet I sigh to think that whatever success he may achieve in it will be attended with proportionate pain. Calumny goes side by side with fame, and courting fame as a man, he is as thin-skinned to calumny as a woman.

"The wife for Graham should have qualities not, taken individually, uncommon in English wives, but in combination somewhat rare.

"She must have mind enough to appreciate his—not to clash with it. She must be fitted with sympathies to be his dearest companion, his confidante in the hopes and fears which the slightest want of sympathy would make him keep ever afterwards pent within his breast. In herself worthy of distinction, she must merge all distinction in his. You have met in the world men who, marrying professed beauties or professed literary geniuses, are spoken of as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. A——, or of the clever Mrs. B——: can you fancy Graham Vane in the reflected light of one of those husbands? I trembled last year when I thought he was attracted by a face which the artists raved about, and again by a tongue which dropped *bons mots* that went the round of the clubs. I was relieved when, sounding him, he said, laughingly, 'No, dear aunt, I should be one sore from head to foot if I married a wife that was talked about for anything but goodness.'

"No,—Graham Vane will have pains sharp enough if he live to be talked about himself. But that tenderest half of himself, the bearer of the name he would make, and for the dignity of which he alone would be responsible,—if that were the town talk, he would curse the hour he gave any one the right to take on herself his man's burden of calumny and fame. I know not which I should pity the most, Graham Vane or his wife.

"Do you understand me, dearest Eleanor? No doubt you do so far, that you comprehend that the women whom men most admire are not the women we, as women ourselves, would wish our sons or brothers to marry. But perhaps you do not comprehend my cause of fear,

which is this—for in such matters men do not see as we women do—Graham abhors, in the girls of our time, frivolity and insipidity. Very rightly, you will say. True, but then he is too likely to be allured by contrasts. I have seen him attracted by the very girls we recoil from more than we do from those we allow to be frivolous and insipid. I accused him of admiration for a certain young lady whom you call 'odious,' and whom the slang that has come into vogue calls 'fast ;' and I was not satisfied with his answer—"Certainly I admire her ; she is not a doll—she has ideas." I would rather of the two see Graham married to what men call a doll, than to a girl with ideas which are distasteful to women."

Lady Janet then went on to question the Duchess about a Miss Asterisk, with whom this tale will have nothing to do, but who, from the little which Lady Janet had seen of her, might possess all the requisites that fastidious correspondent would exact for the wife of her adopted son.

This Miss Asterisk had been introduced into the London world by the Duchess. The Duchess had replied to Lady Janet, that if earth could be ransacked, a more suitable wife for Graham Vane than Miss Asterisk could not be found ; she was well born—an heiress ; the estates she inherited were in the county of — (viz., the county in which the ancestors of D'Altons and Vanes had for centuries established their whereabouts). Miss Asterisk was pretty enough to please any man's eye, but not with the beauty of which artists rave ; well informed enough to be companion to a well-informed man, but certainly not witty enough to supply *bons mots* to the clubs. Miss Asterisk was one of those women of whom a husband might be proud, yet with whom a husband would feel safe from being talked about.

And in submitting the letter we have read to Graham's eye, the Duchess had the cause of Miss Asterisk pointedly in view. Miss Asterisk had confided to her friend, that, of all men she had seen, Mr. Graham Vane was the one she would feel the least inclined to refuse.

So when Graham Vane returned the letter to the Duchess simply saying, "How well my dear aunt divined what is weakest in me !" the Duchess replied quickly, "Miss Asterisk dines here to-morrow ; pray come ; you would like her if you knew more of her."

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"To-morrow I am engaged—an American friend of mine dines with me ; but 'tis no matter, for I shall never feel more for Miss Asterisk than I feel for Mont Blanc."

#### CHAPTER VI.

ON leaving his cousin's house Graham walked on, he scarce knew or cared whither, the image of the beloved dead so forcibly recalled the solemnity of the mission with which he had been intrusted, and which hitherto he had failed to fulfil. What if the only mode by which he could, without causing questions and suspicions that might result in dragging to day the terrible nature of the trust he held, enrich the daughter of Richard King, repair all wrong hitherto done to her, and guard the sanctity of Lady Janet's home,—should be in that union which Richard King had commended to him while his heart was yet free ?

In such a case would not gratitude to the dead, duty to the living, make that union imperative at whatever sacrifice of happiness to himself ? The two years to which Richard King had limited the suspense of research were not yet expired. Then, too, that letter of Lady Janet's—so tenderly anxious for his future, so clear-sighted as to the elements of his own character in its strength or its infirmities—combined with graver causes to withhold his heart from its yearning impulse, and—no, not steel it against Isaura, but forbid it to realize, in the fair creature and creator of romance, his ideal of the woman to whom an earnest, sagacious, aspiring man commits all the destinies involved in the serene dignity of his hearth. He could not but own that this gifted author—this eager seeker after fame—this brilliant and bold competitor with men on their own stormy battleground—was the very person from whom Lady Janet would have warned away his choice. She (Isaura) merge her own distinctions in a husband's !—she leave exclusively to him the burden of fame and calumny !—she shun "to be talked about !"—she who could feel her life to be a success or a failure, according to the extent and the loudness of the talk which it courted !

While these thoughts racked his mind, a kindly hand was laid on his arm, and a cheery voice accosted him. "Well met, my dear Vane ! I see we are bound to the same place ; there will be a good gathering to-night."

"What do you mean, Bevil ? I am go-

ing nowhere, except to my own quiet rooms."

"Pooh! Come in here at least for a few minutes,"—and Bevil drew him up the door-step of a house close by, where, on certain evenings, a well-known club drew together men who seldom meet so familiarly elsewhere—men of all callings; a club especially favoured by wits, authors, and the *flâneurs* of polite society.

Graham shook his head, about to refuse, when Bevil added, "I have just come from Paris, and can give you the last news, literary, political, and social. By the way, I saw Savarin the other night at the Cicogna's—he introduced me there." Graham winced; he was spelled by the music of a name, and followed his acquaintance into the crowded room, and after returning many greetings and nods, withdrew into a remote corner, and motioned Bevil to a seat beside him.

"So you met Savarin? Where, did you say?"

"At the house of the new lady-author—I hate the word authoress—Mademoiselle Cicogna! Of course you have read her book?"

"Yes."

"Full of fine things, is it not?—though somewhat high-flown and sentimental; however nothing succeeds like success. No book has been more talked about at Paris; the only thing more talked about is the lady-author herself."

"Indeed, and how?"

"She doesn't look twenty, a mere girl—of that kind of beauty which so arrests the eye that you pass by other faces to gaze on it, and the dullest stranger would ask, 'Who and what is she!' A girl, I say, like that—who lives as independently as if she were a middle-aged widow, receives every week (she has her Thursdays), with no other chaperon than an old *ci-devant* Italian singing-woman, dressed like a guy—must set Parisian tongues into play, even if she had not written the crack book of the season."

"Mademoiselle Cicogna receives on Thursdays,—no harm in that; and if she have no other chaperon than the Italian lady you mention, it is because Mademoiselle Cicogna is an orphan, and having a fortune, such as it is, of her own, I do not see why she should not live as independently as many an unmarried woman in London placed under similar circumstances. I suppose she receives chiefly persons in the literary or artistic world, and if they are all as respectable as the Savarins, I do not think ill-nature

itself could find fault with her social circle."

"Ah! you know the Cicogna, I presume. I am sure I did not wish to say anything that could offend her best friends, only I do think it is a pity she is not married, poor girl!"

"Mademoiselle Cicogna, accomplished, beautiful, of good birth (the Cicognas rank among the oldest of Lombard families), is not likely to want offers."

"Offers of marriage,—h'm—well. I daresay, from authors and artists. You know Paris better than I do, but I don't suppose authors and artists there make the most desirable husbands; and I scarcely know a marriage in France between a man-author and lady-author which does not end in the deadliest of all animosities—that of wounded *amour propre*. Perhaps the man admires his own genius too much to do proper homage to his wife's."

"But the choice of Mademoiselle Cicogna need not be restricted to the pale of authorship—doubtless she has many admirers beyond that quarrelsome borderland."

"Certainly—countless adorers. Enguerrand de Vandemar—you know that diamond of dandies?"

"Perfectly—is he an admirer?"

"*Cela va sans dire*—he told me that though she was not the handsomest woman in Paris, all other women looked less handsome since he had seen her. But, of course, French lady-killers like Enguerrand, when it comes to marriage, leave it to their parents to choose their wives and arrange the terms of the contract. Talking of lady-killers, I beheld amid a throng at Mademoiselle Cicogna's the *ci-devant* Lovelace whom I remember some twenty-three years ago as the darling of wives and the terror of husbands—Victor de Mauléon."

"Victor de Mauléon at Mademoiselle Cicogna's!—what! is that man restored to society?"

"Ah! you are thinking of the ugly old story about the jewels—oh yes, he has got over that; all his grand relations, the Vandemars, Beauvilliers, Rochebriant, and others, took him by the hand when he reappeared at Paris last year; and though I believe he is still avoided by many, he is courted by still more—and avoided, I fancy, rather from political than social causes. The Imperialist set, of course, execrate and proscribe him. You know he is the writer of those biting articles, signed 'Pierre Firmin,' in the

'*Sens Commun*;' and I am told he is the proprietor of that very clever journal, which has become a power."

"So, so—that is the journal in which Mademoiselle Cicogna's *roman* first appeared. So, so—Victor de Mauléon one of her associates, her counsellor and friend,—ah!"

"No, I didn't say that; on the contrary, he was presented to her for the first time the evening I was at the house. I saw that young silk-haired coxcomb, Gustave Rameau, introduce him to her. You don't perhaps know Rameau, editor of the '*Sens Commun*'—writes poems and criticisms. They say he is a Red Republican, but De Mauléon keeps truculent French politics subdued if not suppressed in his cynical journal. Somebody told me that the Cicogna is very much in love with Rameau; certainly he has a handsome face of his own, and that is the reason why she was so rude to the Russian Prince X——."

"How rude! Did the Prince propose to her?"

"Propose! you forget—he is married. Don't you know the Princess? Still there are other kinds of proposals than those of marriage which a rich Russian prince may venture to make to a pretty novelist brought up for the stage."

"Bevil!" cried Graham, grasping the man's arm fiercely, "how dare you?"

"My dear boy," said Bevil, very much astonished, "I really did not know that your interest in the young lady was so great. If I have wounded you in relating a mere *on dit* picked up at the Jockey Club, I beg you a thousand pardons. I daresay there was not a word of truth in it."

"Not a word of truth, you may be sure, if the *on dit* was injurious to Mademoiselle Cicogna. It is true, I have a strong interest in her; any man—a young gentleman—would have such interest in a girl so brilliant and seemingly so friendless. It shames one of human nature to think that the reward which the world makes to those who elevate its platitudes, brighten its dulness, delight its leisure, is—Slander! I have had the honour to make the acquaintance of this lady before she became a 'celebrity,' and I have never met in my paths through life a purer heart or a nobler nature. What is the wretched *on dit* you condescend to circulate? Permit me to add—

He who repeats a slander shares the crime."

"Upon my honour, my dear Vane,"

said Bevil, seriously (he did not want for spirit), "I hardly know you this evening. It is not because duelling is out of fashion that a man should allow himself to speak in a tone that gives offence to another who intended none; and if duelling is out of fashion in England, it is still possible in France. *Entre nous*, I would rather cross the Channel with you than submit to language that conveys unmerited insult."

Graham's cheek, before ashen pale, flushed into dark red. "I understand you," he said quickly, "and will be at Boulogne to-morrow."

"Graham Vane," replied Bevil, with much dignity, "you and I have known each other a great many years, and neither of us has cause to question the courage of the other; but I am much older than yourself—permit me to take the melancholy advantage of seniority. A duel between us in consequence of careless words said about a lady in no way connected with either, would be a cruel injury to her; a duel on grounds so slight would little injure me—a man about town, who would not sit an hour in the House of Commons if you paid him a thousand pounds a minute. But you, Graham Vane—you whose destiny it is to canvass electors and make laws—would it not be an injury to you to be questioned at the hustings why you broke the law, and why you sought another man's life? Come, come! shake hands and consider all that seconds, if we chose them, would exact, is said, every affront on either side retracted, every apology on either side made."

"Bevil, you disarm and conquer me. I spoke like a hot-headed fool; forget it—forgive. But—but—I can listen calmly now—what is that *on dit*?"

"One that thoroughly bears out your own very manly upholding of the poor young orphan, whose name I shall never again mention without such respect as would satisfy her most sensitive champion. It was said that the Prince X—— boasted that before a week was out Mademoiselle Cicogna should appear in his carriage at the Bois de Boulogne, and wear at the opera diamonds he had sent to her; that this boast was enforced by a wager, and the terms of the wager compelled the Prince to confess the means he had taken to succeed, and produce the evidence that he had lost or won. According to this *on dit*, the Prince had written to Mademoiselle Cicogna, and the letter had been accompanied by a *parure*

that cost him half a million of francs ; that the diamonds had been sent back, with a few words of such scorn as a queen might address to an upstart lackey. But, my dear Vane, it is a mournful position for a girl to receive such offers ; and you must agree with me in wishing she were safely married, even to Monsieur Rameau, coxcomb though he be. Let us hope that they will be an exception to French authors, male and female, in general, and live like turtle-doves."

## CHAPTER VII.

A FEW days after the date of the last chapter, Colonel Morley returned to Paris. He had dined with Graham at Greenwich, had met him afterwards in society, and paid him a farewell visit on the day before the Colonel's departure ; but the name of Isaura Cicogna had not again been uttered by either. Morley was surprised that his wife did not question him minutely as to the mode in which he had executed her delicate commission, and the manner as well as words with which Graham had replied to his "ventilations." But his Lizzy cut him short when he began his recital—

"I don't want to hear anything more about the man. He has thrown away a prize richer than his ambition will ever gain, even if it gained him a throne."

"That it can't gain him the old country. The people are loyal to the present dynasty, whatever you may be told to the contrary."

"Don't be so horribly literal, Frank ; that subject is done with. How was the Duchess of M—— dressed ?"

But when the Colonel had retired to what the French call the *cabinet de travail*—and which he more accurately termed his "smoke den"—and there indulged in the cigar, which, despite his American citizenship, was forbidden in the drawing-room of the tyrant who ruled his life, Mrs. Morley took from her desk a letter received three days before, and brooded over it intently, studying every word. When she had thus reperused it, her tears fell upon the page. "Poor Isaura !" she muttered—"poor Isaura ! I know she loves him—and how deeply a nature like hers can love ! But I must break it to her. If I did not, she would remain nursing a vain dream, and refuse every chance of real happiness for the sake of nursing it." Then she mechanically folded up the letter—I need not say it was from Graham Vane—restored it to the desk and remained mus-

ing till the Colonel looked in at the door and said peremptorily, "Very late—come to bed."

The next day Madame Savarin called on Isaura.

"*Chère enfant*," said she, "I have bad news for you. Poor Gustave is very ill—an attack of the lungs and fever ; you know how delicate he is."

"I am sincerely grieved," said Isaura, in earnest tender tones ; "it must be a very sudden attack : he was here last Thursday."

"The malady only declared itself yesterday morning, but surely you must have observed how ill he has been looking for several days past. It pained me to see him."

"I did not notice any change in him," said Isaura, somewhat conscience-stricken. Wrapt in her own happy thoughts, she would not have noticed change in faces yet more familiar to her than that of her young admirer.

"Isaura," said Madame Savarin, "I suspect there are moral causes for our friend's failing health. Why should I disguise my meaning ? You know well how madly he is in love with you, and have you denied him hope ?"

"I like M. Rameau as a friend ; I admire him—at times I pity him."

"Pity is akin to love."

"I doubt the truth of that saying, at all events as you apply it now. I could not love M. Rameau ; I never gave him cause to think I could."

"I wish for both your sakes that you could make me a different answer ; for his sake, because, knowing his faults and failings, I am persuaded that they would vanish in a companionship so pure, so elevating as yours : you could make him not only so much happier but so much better a man. Hush ! let me go on, let me come to yourself—I say for your sake I wish it. Your pursuits, your ambition, are akin to his ; you should not marry one who could not sympathize with you in these. If you did, he might either restrict the exercise of your genius or be chafed at its display. The only authoress I ever knew whose married lot was serenely happy to the last, was the greatest of English poetesses married to a great English poet. You cannot, you ought not, to devote yourself to the splendid career to which your genius irresistibly impels you, without that counsel, that support, that protection, which a husband alone can give. My dear child, as the wife myself of a man of let-

ters, and familiarized to all the gossip, all the scandal, to which they who give their names to the public are exposed, I declare that if I had a daughter who inherited Savarin's talents, and was ambitious of attaining to his renown, I would rather shut her up in a convent than let her publish a book that was in every one's hands until she had sheltered her name under that of a husband; and if I say this of my child with a father so wise in the world's ways, and so popularly respected as my *bon homme*, what must I feel to be essential to your safety, poor stranger in our land! poor solitary orphan! with no other advice or guardian than the singing mistress whom you touchingly call '*Madre!*' I see how I distress and pain you—I cannot help it. Listen: The other evening Savarin came back from his favourite *café* in a state of excitement that made me think he came to announce a revolution. It was about you; he stormed, he wept—actually wept—my philosophical laughing Savarin. He had just heard of that atrocious wager made by a Russian barbarian. Every one praised you for the contempt with which you had treated the savage's insolence. But that *you* should have been submitted to such an insult without one male friend who had the right to resent and chastise it,—you cannot think how Savarin was chafed and galled. You know how he admires, but you cannot guess how he reveres you; and since then he says to me every day: 'That girl must not remain single. Better marry any man who has a heart to defend a wife's honour and the nerve to fire a pistol: every Frenchman has those qualifications!'

Here Isaura could no longer restrain her emotions, she burst into sobs so vehement, so convulsive, that Madame Savarin became alarmed; but when she attempted to embrace and soothe her, Isaura recoiled with a visible shudder, and gasping out, "Cruel, cruel!" turned to the door and rushed to her own room.

A few minutes afterwards a maid entered the *salon* with a message to Madame Savarin that Mademoiselle was so unwell that she must beg Madame to excuse her return to the *salon*.

Later in the day Mrs. Morley called, but Isaura would not see her.

Meanwhile poor Rameau was stretched on his sick-bed, and in sharp struggle between life and death. It is difficult to disentangle, one by one, all the threads in a nature so complex as Rameau's; but

if we may hazard a conjecture, the grief of disappointed love was not the immediate cause of his illness, and yet it had much to do with it. The goad of Isaura's refusal had driven him into seeking distraction in excesses which a stronger frame could not have courted with impunity. The man was thoroughly Parisian in many things, but especially in impatience of any trouble. Did love trouble him—love could be drowned in absinthe; and too much absinthe may be a more immediate cause of congested lungs than the love which the absinthe had lulled to sleep.

His bedside was not watched by hirelings. When first taken thus ill—too ill to attend to his editorial duties—information was conveyed to the publisher of the "*Sens Commun*," and in consequence of that information, Victor de Mauléon came to see the sick man. By his bed he found Savarin, who had called, as it were by chance, and seen the doctor, who had said, "It is grave. He must be well nursed."

Savarin whispered to De Mauléon, "Shall we call in a professional nurse, or a *sœur de charité*?"

De Mauléon replied also in whisper, "Somebody told me that the man had a mother."

It was true—Savarin had forgotten it. Rameau never mentioned his parents—he was not proud of them.

They belonged to a lower class of the *bourgeoisie*, retired shopkeepers, and a Red Republican is sworn to hate of the *bourgeoisie*, high or low; while a beautiful young author pushing his way into the *Chaussée d'Antin* does not proclaim to the world that his parents had sold hosiery in the Rue St. Denis.

Nevertheless Savarin knew that Rameau had such parents still living, and took the hint. Two hours afterwards Rameau was leaning his burning forehead on his mother's breast.

The next morning the doctor said to the mother, "You are worth ten of me. If you can stay here we shall pull him through."

"Stay here!—my own boy!" cried indignantly the poor mother.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE day which had inflicted on Isaura so keen an anguish, was marked by a great trial in the life of Alain de Rochebriant.

In the morning he received the notice "of *un commandement tendant à saisie*

*immobilière*," on the part of his creditor, M. Louvier; in plain English, an announcement that his property at Rochebriant would be put up to public sale on a certain day, in case all debts due to the mortgagee were not paid before. An hour afterwards came a note from Duplessis stating that "he had returned from Bretagne on the previous evening, and would be very happy to see the Marquis de Rochebriant before two o'clock, if not inconvenient to call."

Alain put the "*commandement*" into his pocket, and repaired to the Hotel Duplessis.

The financier received him with very cordial civility. Then he began, "I am happy to say I left your excellent aunt in very good health. She honoured the letter of introduction to her which I owe to your politeness with the most amiable hospitalities; she insisted on my removing from the *auberge* at which I first put up and becoming a guest under your venerable roof-tree—a most agreeable lady, and a most interesting *château*."

"I fear your accommodation was in striking contrast to your comforts at Paris; my *château* is only interesting to an antiquarian enamoured of ruins."

"Pardon me, 'ruins' is an exaggerated expression. I do not say that the *château* does not want some repairs, but they would not be costly; the outer walls are strong enough to defy time for centuries to come, and a few internal decorations and some modern additions of furniture would make the old *manoir* a home fit for a prince. I have been over the whole estate, too, with the worthy M. Hébert,—a superb property!"

"Which M. Louvier appears to appreciate," said Alain, with a somewhat melancholy smile, extending to Duplessis the menacing notice.

Duplessis glanced at it, and said drily, "M. Louvier knows what he is about. But I think we had better put an immediate stop to formalities which must be painful to a creditor so benevolent. I do not presume to offer to pay the interest due on the security you can give for the repayment. If you refused that offer from so old a friend as Lemercier, of course you could not accept it from me. I make another proposal, to which you can scarcely object. I do not like to give my scheming rival on the Bourse the triumph of so profoundly planned a speculation. Aid me to defeat him. Let me take the mortgage on myself, and become sole mortgagee—hush!—on this

condition, that there should be an entire union of interests between us two; that I should be at liberty to make the improvements I desire, and when the improvements be made, there should be a fair arrangement as to the proportion of profits due to me as mortgagee and improver, to you as original owner. Attend, my dear Marquis,—I am speaking as a mere man of business. I see my way to adding more than a third—I might even say a half—to the present revenues of Rochebriant. The woods have been sadly neglected, drainage alone would add greatly to their produce. Your orchards might be rendered magnificent supplies to Paris with better cultivation. Lastly, I would devote to building purposes or to market gardens all the lands round the two towns of ——— and ———. I think I can lay my hands on suitable speculators for these last experiments. In a word, though the market value of Rochebriant, as it now stands, would not be equivalent to the debt on it, in five or six years it could be made worth—well, I will not say how much—but we shall be both well satisfied with the result. Meanwhile, if you allow me to find purchasers for your timber, and if you will not suffer the Chevalier de Finisterre to regulate your expenses, you need have no fear that the interest due to me will not be regularly paid, even though I shall be compelled, for the first year or two at least, to ask a higher rate of interest than Louvier exacted—say a quarter per cent more; and in suggesting that, you will comprehend that this is now a matter of business between us, and not of friendship."

Alain turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, and then with the quick affectionate impulse of the genuine French nature, threw himself on the financier's breast and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You save me! you save the home and tombs of my ancestors! Thank you I cannot; but I believe in God—I pray—I will pray for you as for a father; and if ever," he hurried on in broken words, "I am mean enough to squander on idle luxuries one franc that I should save for the debt to you, chide me as a father would chide a graceless son."

Moved as Alain was, Duplessis was moved yet more deeply. "What father would not be proud of such a son? Ah, if I had such a one!" he said softly. Then, quickly recovering his wonted composure, he added, with a sardonic smile which often chilled his friends and

alarmed his foes, "Monsieur Louvier is about to pass that which I promised him, a '*mauvais quart d'heure*.' Lend me that *commandement tendant à saisie*. I must be off to my *avoué* with instructions. If you have no better engagement, pray dine with me to-day and accompany Valérie and myself to the opera."

I need not say that Alain accepted the invitation. How happy Valérie was that evening!

## CHAPTER IX.

THE next day Duplessis was surprised by a visit from M. Louvier — that magnate of *millionnaires* had never before set foot in the house of his younger and less famous rival.

The burly man entered the room with a face much flushed, and with more than his usual mixture of jovial *brusquerie* and opulent swagger.

"Startled to see me, I daresay," began Louvier, as soon as the door was closed. "I have this morning received a communication from your agent containing a cheque for the interest due to me from M. Rochebriant, and a formal notice of your intention to pay off the principal on behalf of that popinjay prodigal. Though we two have not hitherto been the best friends in the world, I thought it fair to a man in your station to come to you direct and say, '*Cher confrère*, what swindler has bubbled you? you don't know the real condition of this Breton property, or you would never so throw away your millions. The property is not worth the mortgage I have on it by 30,000 louis.'"

"Then, M. Louvier, you will be 30,000 louis the richer if I take the mortgage off your hands."

"I can afford the loss — no offence — better than you can; and I may have fancies which I don't mind paying for, but which cannot influence another. See, I have brought with me the exact schedule of all details respecting this property. You need not question their accuracy; they have been arranged by the Marquis's own agents, M. Gandrin and M. Hébert. They contain, you will perceive, every possible item of revenue, down to an apple-tree. Now, look at that, and tell me if you are justified in lending such a sum on such a property."

"Thank you very much for an interest in my affairs that I scarcely ventured to expect M. Louvier to entertain; but I see that I have a duplicate of this paper, furnished to me very honestly by M. Hébert himself. Besides, I, too, have fancies

which I don't mind paying for, and among them may be a fancy for the lands of Rochebriant."

"Look you, Duplessis, when a man like me asks a favour, you may be sure that he has the power to repay it. Let me have my whim here, and ask anything you like from me in return!"

"*Désolé* not to oblige you, but this has become not only a whim of mine, but a matter of honour; and honour, you know, my dear M. Louvier, is the first principle of sound finance. I have myself, after careful inspection of the Rochebriant property, volunteered to its owner to advance the money to pay off your *hypothèque*; and what would be said on the Bourse if Lucien Duplessis failed in an obligation?"

"I think I can guess what will one day be said of Lucien Duplessis if he make an irrevocable enemy of Paul Louvier. *Corbleu! mon cher*, a man of thrice your capital, who watched every speculation of yours with a hostile eye, might some *beau jour* make even you a bankrupt!"

"Forewarned, forearmed!" replied Duplessis, imperturbably, "*'Fas est ab hoste doceri*,' — I mean, 'It is right to be taught by an enemy;' and I never remember the day when you were otherwise, and yet I am not a bankrupt, though I receive you in a house which, thanks to you, is so modest in point of size!"

"Bah! that was a mistake of mine, — and, ha! ha! you had your revenge there — that forest!"

"Well, as a peace-offering, I will give you up the forest, and content my ambition as a landed proprietor with this bad speculation of Rochebriant!"

"Confound the forest, I don't care for it now! I can sell my place for more than it has cost me to one of your imperial favourites. Build a palace in your forest. Let me have Rochebriant, and name your terms."

"A thousand pardons! but I have already had the honour to inform you, that I have contracted an obligation which does not allow me to listen to terms."

As a serpent, that, after all crawlings and windings, rears itself on end, Louvier rose, crest erect —

"So then it is finished. I came here disposed to offer peace — you refuse, and declare war."

"Not at all, I do not declare war; I accept it if forced on me."

"Is that your last word, M. Duplessis?"

"Monsieur Louvier, it is."

"*Bon jour!*"

And Louvier strode to the door; here he paused — "Take a day to consider."

"Not a moment."

"Your servant, Monsieur, — your very humble servant." Louvier vanished.

Duplessis leaned his large thoughtful forehead on his thin nervous hand. "This loan will pinch me," he muttered. "I must be very wary now with such a foe. Well, why should I care to be rich? Valérie's *dot*, Valérie's happiness, are secured."

#### CHAPTER X.

MADAME SAVARIN wrote a very kind and very apologetic letter to Isaura, but no answer was returned to it. Madame Savarin did not venture to communicate to her husband the substance of a conversation which had ended so painfully. He had, in theory, a delicacy of tact, which, if he did not always exhibit it in practice, made him a very severe critic of its deficiency in others. Therefore, unconscious of the offence given, he made a point of calling at Isaura's apartments, and leaving word with her servant that "he was sure she would be pleased to hear M. Rameau was somewhat better, though still in danger."

It was not till the third day after her interview with Madame Savarin that Isaura left her own room, — she did so to receive Mrs. Morley.

The fair American was shocked to see the change in Isaura's countenance. She was very pale, and with that indescribable appearance of exhaustion which betrays continued want of sleep; her soft eyes were dim, the play of her lips was gone, her light step weary and languid.

"My poor darling!" cried Mrs. Morley, embracing her, "you have indeed been ill! What is the matter? — who attends you?"

"I need no physician, it was but a passing cold — the air of Paris is very trying. Never mind me, dear — what is the last news?"

Therewith Mrs. Morley ran glibly through the principal topics of the hour — the breach threatened between M. Ollivier and his former liberal partisans; the tone unexpectedly taken by M. de Girardin; the speculations as to the result of the trial of the alleged conspirators against the Emperor's life, which was fixed to take place towards the end of that month of June, — all matters of no slight importance to the interests of an empire. Sunk deep into the recesses of her *fauteuil*, Isaura

seemed to listen quietly, till, when a pause came, she said in cold clear tones —

"And Mr. Graham Vane — he has refused your invitation?"

"I am sorry to say he has — he is so engaged in London."

"I knew he had refused," said Isaura, with a low bitter laugh.

"How? who told you?"

"My own good sense told me. One may have good sense, though one is a poor scribbler."

"Don't talk in that way; it is beneath you to angle for compliments."

"Compliments! ah! And so Mr. Vane has refused to come to Paris; never mind, he will come next year. I shall not be in Paris then. Did Colonel Morley see Mr. Vane?"

"Oh yes; two or three times."

"He is well?"

"Quite well, I believe — at least Frank did not say to the contrary; but, from what I hear, he is not the person I took him for. Many people told Frank that he is much changed since he came into his fortune — is grown very stingy, quite miserly indeed; declines even a seat in Parliament because of the expense. It is astonishing how money does spoil a man."

"He had come into his fortune when he was here. Money had not spoiled him then."

Isaura paused, pressing her hands tightly together; then she suddenly rose to her feet, the colour on her cheek mantling and receding rapidly, and fixing on her startled visitor eyes no longer dim, but with something half fierce, half exploring in the passion of their gaze, said — "Your husband spoke of me to Mr. Vane: I know he did. What did Mr. Vane answer? Do not evade my question. The truth! the truth! I only ask the truth!"

"Give me your hand; sit here beside me, dearest child."

"Child! — no, I am a woman! — weak as a woman, but strong as a woman too! — The truth!"

Mrs. Morley had come prepared to carry out the resolution she had formed and "break" to Isaura "the truth," that which the girl now demanded. But then she had meant to break the truth in her own gentle gradual way. Thus suddenly called upon, her courage failed her. She burst into tears. Isaura gazed at her dry-eyed.

"Your tears answer me. Mr. Vane

has heard that I have been insulted. A man like him does not stoop to love for a woman who has known an insult. I do not blame him; I honour him the more — he is right."

"No — no — no! — you insulted! Who dared to insult you? (Mrs. Morley had never heard the story about the Russian Prince.) Mr. Vane spoke to Frank, and writes of you to me as of one whom it is impossible not to admire, to respect: but — I cannot say it — you will have the truth, — there, read and judge for yourself." And Mrs. Morley drew forth and thrust into Isaura's hands the letter she had concealed from her husband. The letter was not very long; it began with expressions of warm gratitude to Mrs. Morley, not for her invitation only, but for the interest she had conceived in his happiness. It then went on thus: —

"I join with my whole heart in all that you say, with such eloquent justice, of the mental and personal gifts so bounteously lavished by nature on the young lady whom you name.

"No one can feel more sensible than I of the charm of so exquisite a loveliness; no one can more sincerely join in the belief that the praise which greets the commencement of her career is but the whisper of the praise that will cheer its progress with louder and louder plaudits.

"He only would be worthy of her hand, who, if not equal to herself in genius, would feel raised into partnership with it by sympathy with its objects and joy in its triumphs. For myself, the same pain with which I should have learned she had adopted the profession which she originally contemplated, saddened and stung me when, choosing a career that confers a renown yet more lasting than the stage, she no less left behind her the peaceful immunities of private life. Were I even free to consult only my own heart in the choice of the one sole partner of my destinies (which I cannot at present honestly say that I am, though I expected to be so ere this, when I last saw you at Paris); could I even hope — which I have no right to do — that I could chain to myself any private portion of thoughts which now flow into the large channels by which poets enrich the blood of the world, — still (I say it in self-reproach, it may be the fault of my English rearing, it may rather be the fault of an egotism peculiar to myself) — still I doubt if I could render happy any woman whose world could not be nar-

rowed to the Home that she adorned and blessed.

"And yet not even the jealous tyranny of man's love could dare to say to natures like hers of whom we speak, 'Limit it to the household glory of one the light which genius has placed in its firmament for the use and enjoyment of all.'"

"I thank you so much," said Isaura, calmly; "suspense makes a woman so weak — certainty so strong." Mechanically she smoothed and refolded the letter — mechanically, but with slow, lingering hands — then she extended it to her friend, smiling.

"Nay, will you not keep it yourself?" said Mrs. Morley. "The more you examine the narrow-minded prejudices, the English arrogant *man's* jealous dread of superiority — nay, of equality — in the woman he can only value as he does his house or his horse, because she is his exclusive property, the more you will be rejoiced to find yourself free for a more worthy choice. Keep the letter; read it till you feel for the writer forgiveness and disdain."

Isaura took back the letter, and leaned her cheek on her hand, looking dreamily into space. It was some moments before she replied, and her words then had no reference to Mrs. Morley's consolatory exhortation.

"He was so pleased when he heard that I renounced the career on which I had set my ambition. I thought he would have been so pleased when I sought in another career to raise myself nearer to his level — I see now how sadly I was mistaken. All that perplexed me before in him is explained. I did not guess how foolishly I had deceived myself till three days ago, — then I did guess it; and it was that guess which tortured me so terribly that I could not keep my heart to myself when I saw you to-day; in spite of all womanly pride it would force its way — to the truth. Hush! I must tell you what was said to me by another friend of mine — a good friend, a wise and kind one. Yet I was so angry when she said it that I thought I could never see her more."

"My sweet darling! who was this friend, and what did she say to you?"

"The friend was Madame Savarin."

"No woman loves you more except myself — and she said?"

"That she would have suffered no daughter of hers to commit her name to

the talk of the world as I have done — be exposed to the risk of insult as I have been — until she had the shelter and protection denied to me. And I having thus overleaped the bound that a prudent mother would prescribe to her child, have become one whose hand men do not seek, unless they themselves take the same roads to notoriety. Do you not think she was right?"

"Not as you so morbidly put it, silly girl, — certainly not right. But I do wish that you had the shelter and protection which Madame Savarin meant to express; I do wish that you were happily married to one very different from Mr. Vane — one who would be more proud of your genius than of your beauty — one who would say, 'My name, safer far in its enduring nobility than those that depend on titles and lands — which are held on the tenure of the popular breath — must be honoured by posterity, for She has deigned to make it hers. No democratic revolution can dis-ennoble me.'"

"Ay, ay, you believe that men will be found to think with complacency that they owe to a wife a name that they could not achieve for themselves. Possibly there are such men. Where? among those that are already united by sympathies in the same callings, the same labours, the same hopes and fears, with the women who have left behind them the privacies of home. Madame de Grantmesnil was wrong. Artists should wed with artists. True — true!"

Here she passed her hand over her forehead — it was a pretty way of hers when seeking to concentrate thought — and was silent a moment or so.

"Did you ever feel," she then asked dreamily, "that there are moments in life when a dark curtain seems to fall over one's past that a day before was so clear, so blended with the present? One cannot any longer look behind; the gaze is attracted onward, and a track of fire flashes upon the future, — the future which yesterday was invisible. There is a line by some English poet — Mr. Vane once quoted it, not to me, but to M. Savarin, and in illustration of his argument, that the most complicated recesses of thought are best reached by the simplest forms of expression. I said to myself, 'I will study that truth if ever I take to literature as I have taken to song;' and — yes — it was that evening that the ambition fatal to woman fixed on me its relentless fangs — at Enghien

— we were on the lake — the sun was setting."

"But you do not tell me the line that so impressed you," said Mrs. Morley, with the woman's kindly tact.

"The line — which line? Oh, I remember; the line was this —

I see as from a tower the end of all.

And now — kiss me, dearest — never a word again to me about this conversation: never a word about Mr. Vane — the dark curtain has fallen on the past."

#### CHAPTER XI.

MEN and women are much more like each other in certain large elements of character than is generally supposed, but it is that very resemblance which makes their differences the more incomprehensible to each other; just as in politics, theology, or that most disputatious of all things disputable, metaphysics, the nearer the reasoners approach each other in points that to an uncritical bystander seem the most important, the more sure they are to start off in opposite directions upon reaching the speck of a pinprick.

Now there are certain grand meeting-places between man and woman — the grandest of all is on the ground of love, and yet here also is the great field of quarrel. And here the teller of a tale such as mine ought, if he is sufficiently wise to be humble, to know that it is almost profanation if, as man, he presumes to enter the penetralia of a woman's innermost heart, and repeat, as a man would repeat, all the vibrations of sound which the heart of a woman sends forth undistinguishable even to her own ear.

I know Isaura as intimately as if I had rocked her in her cradle, played with her in her childhood, educated and trained her in her youth; and yet I can no more tell you faithfully what passed in her mind during the forty-eight hours that intervened between her conversation with that American lady and her re-appearance in some commonplace drawing-room, than I can tell you what the Man in the Moon might feel if the sun that his world reflected were blotted out of creation.

I can only say that when she reappeared in that commonplace drawing-room world, there was a change in her face not very perceptible to the ordinary observer. If anything, to his eye she was handsomer — the eye was brighter

—the complexion (always lustrous, though somewhat pale, the limpid paleness that suits so well with dark hair) was yet more lustrous,—it was flushed into delicate rose hues—hues that still better suit with dark hair. What, then, was the change, and change not for the better? The lips, once so pensively sweet, had grown hard; on the brow that had seemed to laugh when the lips did, there was no longer sympathy between brow and lip; there was scarcely seen a fine thread-like line that in a few years would be a furrow on the space between the eyes; the voice was not so tenderly soft; the step was haughtier. What all such change denoted it is for a woman to decide—I can only guess. In the meanwhile, Mademoiselle Cicogna had sent her servant daily to inquire after M. Rameau. That, I think, she would have done under any circumstances. Meanwhile, too, she had called on Madame Savarin—made it up with her—sealed the reconciliation by a cold kiss. That, too, under any circumstances, I think, she would have done—under some circumstances the kiss might have been less cold.

There was one thing unwonted in her habits. I mention it, though it is only a woman who can say if it means anything worth noticing.

For six days she had left a letter from Madame de Grantmesnil unanswered. With Madame de Grantmesnil was connected the whole of her innermost life—from the day when the lonely desolate child had seen, beyond the dusty thoroughfares of life, gleams of the faery land in poetry and art—onward through her restless, dreamy, aspiring youth—onward—onward—till now, through all that constitutes the glorious reality that we call romance.

Never before had she left for two days unanswered letters which were to her as Sibylline leaves to some unquiet neophyte yearning for solutions to enigmas suggested whether by the world without or by the soul within. For six days Madame de Grantmesnil's letter remained unanswered, unread, neglected, thrust out of sight; just as when some imperious necessity compels us to grapple with a world that is, we cast aside the romance which, in our holiday hours, had beguiled us to a world with which we have interests and sympathies no more.

## CHAPTER XII.

GUSTAVE recovered, but slowly. The physician pronounced him out of all immediate danger, but said frankly to him, and somewhat more guardedly to his parents, "There is ample cause to beware." "Look you, my young friend," he added to Rameau, "mere brain-work seldom kills a man once accustomed to it, like you; but heart-work, and stomach-work, and nerve-work, added to brain-work, may soon consign to the coffin a frame ten times more robust than yours. Write as much as you will—that is your vocation; but it is not your vocation to drink absinthe—to preside at orgies in the *Maison Dorée*. Regulate yourself, and not after the fashion of the fabulous Don Juan. Marry—live soberly and quietly—and you may survive the grand-children of *viveurs*. Go on as you have done, and before the year is out you are in *Père la chaise*."

Rameau listened languidly, but with a profound conviction that the physician thoroughly understood his case.

Lying helpless on his bed, he had no desire for orgies at the *Maison Dorée*; with parched lips thirsty for innocent *tisane* of lime-blossoms, the thought of absinthe was as odious to him as the liquid fire of Phlegethon. If ever sinner became suddenly convinced that there was a good deal to be said in favour of a moral life, that sinner at the moment I speak of was Gustave Rameau. Certainly a moral life—"Domus et placens uxor," were essential to the poet who, aspiring to immortal glory, was condemned to the ailments of a very perishable frame.

"Ah," he murmured plaintively to himself, "that girl Isaura can have no true sympathy with genius! It is no ordinary man that she will kill in me!"

And so murmuring he fell asleep. When he woke and found his head pillowed on his mother's breast, it was much as a sensitive, delicate man may wake after having drunk too much the night before. Repentant, mournful, maudlin, he began to weep, and in the course of his weeping he confided to his mother the secret of his heart.

Isaura had refused him—that refusal had made him desperate.

"Ah! with Isaura how changed would be his habits! how pure! how healthful!" His mother listened fondly, and did her best to comfort him and cheer his drooping spirits.

She told him of Isaura's messages of

inquiry duly twice a-day. Rameau, who knew more about women in general, and Isaura in particular, than his mother conjectured, shook his head mournfully. "She could not do less," he said. "Has no one offered to do more?" — he thought of Julie when he asked that — Madame Rameau hesitated.

These poor Parisians! it is the *mode* to preach against them; and before my book closes I shall have to preach — no, not to preach, but to imply — plenty of faults to consider and amend. Meanwhile I try my best to take them, as the philosophy of life tells us to take other people, for what they are.

I do not think the domestic relations of the Parisian *bourgeoisie* are as bad as they are said to be in French novels. Madame Rameau is not an uncommon type of her class. She had been when she first married singularly handsome. It was from her that Gustave inherited his beauty; and her husband was a very ordinary type of the French shop-keeper — very plain, by no means intellectual, but gay, good-humoured, devotedly attached to his wife, and with implicit trust in her conjugal virtue. Never was trust better placed. There was not a happier nor a more faithful couple in the *quartier* in which they resided. Madame Rameau hesitated when her boy, thinking of Julie, asked if no one had done more than send to inquire after him as Isaura had done.

After that hesitating pause she said, "Yes — a young lady calling herself Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin wished to instal herself here as your nurse. When I said, 'But I am his mother — he needs no other nurses,' she would have retreated, and looked ashamed — poor thing! I don't blame her if she loved my son. But, my son, I say this — if you love her, don't talk to me about that Mademoiselle Cicogna; and if you love Mademoiselle Cicogna, why, then, your father will take care that the poor girl who loved you — not knowing that you loved another — is not left to the temptation of penury."

Rameau's pale lips withered into a phantom-like sneer. Julie! the resplendent Julie! — true, only a ballet-dancer, but whose equipage in the Bois had once been the envy of duchesses — Julie! who had sacrificed fortune for his sake — who, freed from him, could have *millionnaires* again at her feet! — Julie! to be saved from penury, as a shop-keeper would save an erring nurse-maid — Julie! the irrepressible Julie! who had written to him, the day before his illness, in a pen

dipped, not in ink, but in blood from a vein she had opened in her arm: "Traitor! — I have not seen thee for three days. Dost thou dare to love another? If so, I care not how thou attempt to conceal it — woe to her! *Ingrat!* woe to thee! Love is not love, unless, when betrayed by Love, it appeals to death. Answer me quick — quick. JULIE."

Poor Gustave thought of that letter and groaned. Certainly his mother was right — he ought to get rid of Julie; but he did not clearly see how Julie was to be got rid of. He replied to Madame Rameau peevishly, "Don't trouble your head about Mademoiselle Caumartin; she is in no want of money. Of course, if I could hope for Isaura — but, alas! I dare not hope. Give me my *tisane*."

When the doctor called next day, he looked grave, and, drawing Madame Rameau into the next room, he said, "We are not getting on so well as I had hoped; the fever is gone, but there is much to apprehend from the debility left behind. His spirits are sadly depressed." Then added the doctor pleasantly, and with that wonderful insight into our complex humanity in which physicians excel poets, and in which Parisian physicians are not excelled by any physicians in the world, — "Can't you think of any bit of good news — that 'M. Thiers raves about your son's last poem' — that 'it is a question among the Academicians between him and Jules Janin' — or that 'the beautiful Duchesse de — has been placed in a lunatic asylum because she has gone mad for love of a certain young Red Republican whose name begins with R.' — can't you think of any bit of similar good news? If you can, it will be a tonic to the relaxed state of your dear boy's *amour propre*, compared to which all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia are moonshine and water; and meanwhile be sure to remove him to your own house, and out of the reach of his giddy young friends, as soon as you possibly can."

When that great authority thus left his patient's case in the hands of the mother, she said — "The boy shall be saved."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

ISAURA was seated beside the Venosta, — to whom, of late, she seemed to cling with greater fondness than ever, — working at some piece of embroidery — a labour from which she had been estranged for years; but now she had taken writing, reading, music, into passionate disgust. Isaura was thus seated, silently

intent upon her work, and the Venosta in full talk, when the servant announced Madame Rameau.

The name startled both; the Venosta had never heard that the poet had a mother living, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that Madame Rameau must be a wife he had hitherto kept unrevealed. And when a woman, still very handsome, with a countenance grave and sad, entered the *salon*, the Venosta murmured, "The husband's perfidy reveals itself on a wife's face," and took out her handkerchief in preparation for sympathizing tears.

"Mademoiselle," said the visitor, halting, with eyes fixed on Isaura. "Pardon my intrusion—my son has the honour to be known to you. Every one who knows him must share in my sorrow—so young—so promising, and in such danger—my poor boy!" Madame Rameau stopped abruptly. Her tears forced their way—she turned aside to conceal them.

In her twofold condition of being—womanhood and genius—Isaura was too largely endowed with that quickness of sympathy which distinguishes woman from man, and genius from talent, not to be wondrously susceptible to pity.

Already she had wound her arm round the grieving mother—already drawn her to the seat from which she herself had risen—and bending over her had said some words—true, conventional enough in themselves,—but cooed forth in a voice the softest I ever expect to hear, save in dreams, on this side of the grave.

Madame Rameau swept her hand over her eyes, glanced round the room, and noticing the Venosta in dressing-robe and slippers, staring with those Italian eyes, in seeming so quietly innocent, in reality so searchingly shrewd, she whispered pleadingly, "May I speak to you a few minutes alone?" This was not a request that Isaura could refuse, though she was embarrassed and troubled by the surmise of Madame Rameau's object in asking it; accordingly she led her visitor into the adjoining room, and making an apologetic sign to the Venosta, closed the door.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN they were alone, Madame Rameau took Isaura's hand in both her own, and, gazing wistfully into her face, said, "No wonder you are so loved—yours is the beauty that sinks into the heart and rests there. I prize my boy more, now

that I have seen you. But, oh Mademoiselle! pardon me—do not withdraw your hand—pardon the mother who comes from the sick-bed of her only son and asks if you will assist to save him! A word from you is life or death to him!"

"Nay, nay, do not speak thus, Madame; your son knows how much I value, how sincerely I return, his friendship; but—but," she paused a moment, and continued sadly and with tearful eyes—"I have no heart to give to him—to any one."

"I do not—I would not if I dared—ask what it would be violence to yourself to promise. I do not ask you to bid me return to my son and say, 'Hope and recover,' but let me take some healing message from your lips. If I understand your words rightly, I at least may say that you do not give to another the hopes you deny to him?"

"So far you understand me rightly, Madame. It has been said, that romance-writers give away so much of their hearts to heroes or heroines of their own creation, that they leave nothing worth the giving to human beings like themselves. Perhaps it is so; yet, Madame," added Isaura, with a smile of exquisite sweetness in its melancholy, "I have heart enough left to feel for you."

Madame Rameau was touched. "Ah, Mademoiselle, I do not believe in the saying you have quoted. But I must not abuse your goodness by pressing further upon you subjects from which you shrink. Only one word more: you know that my husband and I are but quiet tradesfolk, not in the society, nor aspiring to it, to which my son's talents have raised himself; yet dare I ask that you will not close here the acquaintance that I have obtruded on you?—dare I ask, that I may, now and then, call on you—that now and then I may see you at my own home? Believe that I would not here ask anything which your own mother would disapprove if she overlooked disparities of station. Humble as our home is, slander never passed its threshold."

"Ah, Madame, I and the Signora Venosta, whom in our Italian tongue I call mother, can but feel honoured and grateful whenever it pleases you to receive visits from us."

"It would be a base return for such gracious compliance with my request if I concealed from you the reason why I pray Heaven to bless you for that answer. The physician says that it may be long

before my son is sufficiently convalescent to dispense with a mother's care, and resume his former life and occupation in the great world. It is everything for us if we can coax him into coming under our own roof-tree. This is difficult to do. It is natural for a young man launched into the world to like his own *chez lui*. Then what will happen to Gustave? He, lonely and heart-stricken, will ask friends, young as himself, but far stronger, to come and cheer him; or he will seek to distract his thoughts by the over-work of his brain; in either case he is doomed. But I have stronger motives yet to fix him awhile at our hearth. This is just the moment, once lost never to be regained, when soothing companionship, gentle reproachless advice, can fix him lastingly in the habits and modes of life which will banish all fears of his future from the hearts of his parents. You at least honour him with friendship, with kindly interest—you would at least desire to wean him from all that a friend may disapprove or lament—a creature whom Providence meant to be good and perhaps great. If I say to him, 'It will be long before you can go out and see your friends, but at my house your friends shall come and see you—among them Signora Venosta and Mademoiselle Cicogna will now and then drop in—my victory is gained, and my son is saved.'"

"Madame," said Isaura, half sobbing, "What a blessing to have a mother like you! Love so noble ennobles those who hear its voice. Tell your son how ardently I wish him to be well, and to fulfil more than the promise of his genius; tell him also this—how I envy him his mother."

#### CHAPTER XV.

It needs no length of words to inform thee, my intelligent reader, be thou man or woman—but more especially woman—of the consequences following each other, as wave follows wave in a tide, that resulted from the interview with which my last chapter closed. Gustave is removed to his parents' house; he remains for weeks confined within doors, or, on sunny days, taken an hour or so in his own carriage, drawn by the horse bought from Rochebriant, into by-roads remote from the fashionable world; Isaura visits his mother, liking, respecting, influenced by her more and more; in those visits she sits beside the sofa on which Rameau reclines. Gradually, gently—more and

more by his mother's lips—is impressed on her the belief that it is in her power to save a human life, and to animate its career towards those goals which are never based wholly upon earth in the earnest eyes of genius, or perhaps in the yet more upward vision of pure-souled believing woman.

And Gustave himself, as he passes through the slow stages of convalescence, seems so gratefully to ascribe to her every step in his progress—seems so gently softened in character—seems so refined from the old affectations, so ennobled above the old cynicism—and, above all, so needing her presence, so sunless without it, that—well, need I finish the sentence?—the reader will complete what I leave unsaid.

Enough, that one day Isaura returned home from a visit at Madame Rameau's with the knowledge that her hand was pledged—her future life disposed of; and that, escaping from the Venosta, whom she so fondly, and in her hunger for a mother's love, called *Madre*, the girl shut herself up in her own room with locked doors.

Ah, poor child! ah, sweet-voiced Isaura! whose delicate image I feel myself too rude and too hard to transfer to this page in the purity of its outlines, and the blended softnesses of its hues—thou who, when saying things serious in the words men use, saidst them with a seriousness so charming, and with looks so feminine—thou, of whom no man I ever knew was quite worthy—ah, poor, simple, miserable girl, as I see thee now in the solitude of that white-curtained virginal room! hast thou, then, merged at last thy peculiar star into the cluster of all these commonplace girls whose lips have said "Ay," when their hearts said "No"?—thou, oh brilliant Isaura! thou, oh poor motherless child!

She had sunk into her chair—their own favourite chair,—the covering of it had been embroidered by Madame de Grantmesnil, and bestowed on her as a birthday present last year—the year in which she had first learned what it is to love—the year in which she had first learned what it is to strive for fame. And somehow uniting, as many young people do, love and fame in dreams of the future, that silken seat had been to her as the Tripod of Delphi was to the Pythian: she had taken to it, as it were intuitively, in all those hours, whether of joy or sorrow, when youth seeks to prophesy, and does but dream.

There she sate now, in a sort of stupor—a sort of dreary bewilderment—the illusion of the Pythian gone—desire of dream and of prophecy alike extinct—pressing her hands together, and muttering to herself, “What has happened?—what have I done?”

Three hours later you would not have recognized the same face that you see now. For then the bravery, the honour, the loyalty of the girl's nature had asserted their command. Her promise had been given to one man—it could not be recalled. Thought itself of any other man must be banished. On her hearth lay ashes and tinder—the last remains of every treasured note from Graham Vane; of the hoarded newspaper extracts that contained his name; of the dry treatise he had published, and which had made the lovely romance-writer first desire “to know something about politics.” Ay, if the treatise had been upon fox-hunting, she would have desired to know something about that! Above all, yet distinguishable from the rest—as the sparks still upon stem and leaf here and there faintly glowed and twinkled—the withered flowers which recorded that happy hour in the arbour, and the walks of the forsaken garden—the hour in which she had so blissfully pledged herself to renounce that career in art wherein fame would have been secured, but which would not have united Fame with Love—in dreams evermore over now.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### ON THE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS OF INLAND SEAS.

In a former number of this *Review* (February, 1871), I gave a general account of that part of the inquiries in which I had been engaged during the three preceding years, which bore on the subject of Ocean Circulation; and explained the definite Physical Theory of a *vertical* Circulation, sustained by Temperature alone, to which those inquiries had led. I afterwards found that a similar doctrine had been previously advanced by Pouillet, as best expressing the facts then known; although subsequently put aside by the general acceptance of the erroneous doctrine of a uniform Deep-sea Temperature of 39°, first promulgated by Sir James Ross (on the basis of observations which we now know to have been rendered erroneous by the

effect of pressure on his thermometers), and stamped with the great weight of his authority by Sir John Herschel. That it is *theoretically* true, all Physicists must admit. Wherever, in the water of a large basin, different Temperatures prevail, there *must* be different densities, causing differences of lateral and downward pressure; and equilibrium can only be restored by such interchange between different parts of the liquid mass, as will equalize its temperature throughout. But if such a difference between the Temperatures of the two ends of the basin be constantly and persistently maintained, a constant *circulation* will be kept up; the heavier, because colder, water persistently gravitating to the bottom, and flowing along the floor of the basin towards the warmer end; whilst the lighter, because warmer, water will rise to the surface and flow towards the colder end, where, by being again reduced in temperature, it will sink to the bottom, and go the same round. And that this vertical Circulation has an *actual* existence in the great Ocean-basins, I endeavoured to show from the Temperature-phenomena collected during the *Porcupine* Expeditions of 1869 and 1870; and especially from the contrast between the Thermal condition of the Mediterranean and that of the outside Atlantic under the same parallels. — Although these conclusions have been disputed by several persons who consider themselves as authorities on the subject of Ocean-currents, yet as they have been accepted by such eminent Physicists as Sir John Herschel (in a letter which he was good enough to write to me shortly before his death), Sir George Airy, and Sir William Thomson (who has authorized me to express his entire agreement with me on the whole of this question), I venture to think that they may be regarded as worthy of *provisional* adoption.

The researches of the *Challenger*, so far as they have gone, have fully confirmed them; the basin of the Atlantic between the Azores and St. Thomas, from a depth of 1000 fathoms to a bottom lying in some parts at a depth of 2700 fathoms,\* being occupied by water of which the temperature ranges downwards from 40° to 34°·5. That it has not been

\* The enormous depth of 3875 fathoms has been lately reached, not far north of St. Thomas's. But the bottom-temperature could not be obtained; for the thermometers which had been tested to a pressure of 3-4 tons on the square inch broke at a pressure of 4-5 tons. (See “Nature,” June 5.)

found to fall still lower, I believe to be due to the very limited communication which the *Arctic* basin has with the North Atlantic; and it seems not improbable that a considerable part of this enormous mass of almost glacial water has come all the way from the *Antarctic* basin. If the doctrine I advocate be correct, the bottom-temperature of the Southern Oceans will be lower than that of the Northern, on account of their free and direct communication with the Antarctic area; and the difference will be especially marked in the Pacific, since, as no Arctic water can come into it through Behring's Straits (whose depth of only 20 fathoms is occupied by a warm current passing northwards), any reduction which may be found in the temperature of its lower stratum must be mainly due to an under-flow of water all the way from the Antarctic area. It may be confidently hoped that the *Challenger*, whose voyage has been so planned as to enable the requisite observations to be made in all these Oceanic areas, may succeed in collecting a body of facts which will either demonstrate the correctness of this theory, or will furnish materials for a better one.

But, as I pointed out in my former paper, the same Physical Theory applies to the *double currents*, which are known to pass through straits connecting Inland Seas with the Ocean or with each other. Every Inland Sea is subject to two agencies tending to alter its level; namely, evaporation from its surface, by which its level will be reduced; and a return of water by rain and river, by which its level will be raised. Now, it is almost a physical impossibility that these two agencies should exactly balance one another, except in the cases of seas entirely shut in; in which they *come* to a balance by the alteration of the level, and the consequent extension or contraction of the area. This is well known to be the condition of the Dead Sea, the area of which has been reduced by excess of evaporation, until its loss of water is no longer greater than the amount returned by the Jordan and other streams that discharge themselves into it; and the same will be presently shown to be the case with the Caspian. In the Red Sea, an enormous evaporation—annually amounting at the very lowest estimate to a stratum of *eight feet*, and by some estimated at *twenty-three feet* per annum,—is constantly going on, uncompensated by return either from rain or rivers; for the area of the Red Sea is nearly rainless,

and scarcely any water comes from the land that encloses it. Thus, then, the strong and constant current which streams into it through the Strait of Babel Mandeb is fully accounted for. In the Baltic, on the other hand, the loss by evaporation is far smaller than the return by rain and rivers; so that its level would be raised, and its area increased, were it not for the outflow of the excess which takes place through the Baltic Sound and the Great and Little Belt. And the same is the case with the Black Sea, the overflow of which is carried off by the out-current which sets through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, into the *Ægean*.

But in each of these cases, there is an inequality between the density of the water *within* the Strait, and that of the water *outside*. In the case of the Red Sea, the almost uncompensated evaporation tends to increase the salinity, and therefore the specific gravity of its water; and there is consequently an excess of deep lateral pressure on the *inside* of the Strait of Babel Mandeb, which will necessarily produce an under-current towards the outside. The existence of this under-current has not yet been practically demonstrated; but, as Captain Maury pointed out, it may be fairly assumed; since, as the place of the vast quantity of *fresh* water always passing off by evaporation is taken by an influx of *salt* water, the proportion of salt in the basin of the Red Sea would be undergoing a constant increase, if it were not thus kept down. Of such an increase there is no evidence whatever, the excess of salt in the water being scarcely greater than in that of the Mediterranean; whilst there is no reason to believe that any such deposits of salt are going on upon its shores or bottom, as will be presently shown to be forming around the Caspian. On the other hand, the water of the Baltic and of the Black Sea is reduced in salinity by the excessive influx of river-water; so that the former has only about one-fifth, and the latter less than one-half, of the density of Ocean-water. Hence the greater lateral pressure in the Straits by which the former communicates with the North Sea and the latter with the Mediterranean, is from the *outside*; and an *inward* under-current would be thus produced, which, by carrying salt water into the basin, would prevent its salinity from being further reduced. The existence of this under-current, as I showed in my former paper, has long been known in

the case of the Baltic; whilst in the case of the Black Sea, "it might be safely predicted on the double ground of *à priori* and *à posteriori* necessity." The truth of that prediction (as will presently appear) has already been signally verified.

Being anxious to obtain more complete and conclusive evidence as to the outward under-current in the Strait of Gibraltar, than it had been possible for me to obtain in my visit to the Mediterranean in the *Porcupine*, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity kindly offered me in the following year by the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, to go out with Captain Nares (now in command of the *Challenger* Expedition) in the *Shearwater*, then on her way to complete the survey of the Gulf of Suez, and to co-operate with him in a further series of inquiries. The result of those inquiries was to show that both the upper *in*-current and the under *out*-current are much more influenced by *tidal* action than had been previously supposed: both of them undergoing a regular reversal every six hours upon the "ridge" at the broad western embouchure of the Strait; while, at the Gibraltar end of the Strait, the *in*-current ordinarily comes to a stand, if it be not actually reversed, when antagonized by the west-flowing tide-wave which adds strength to the *out*-current beneath. Thus the quantity of water which flows in each direction is by no means as great as might be supposed from observations made at the period of its most rapid movement. The *balance* of the upper current is most decidedly *inwards*; that of the under-current is less considerably, though still decidedly *outwards*, — as was shown not merely by the results of our Current-drag experiments, but by the fact clearly indicated by the Hydrometer, that *Mediterranean* water flows down the Atlantic slope of the marine watershed, and is traceable on the bottom to a considerable distance. That this under-current has by no means the force or proportionate volume of that which has since been shown to exist in the Dardanelles, is simply due to the fact, that the difference in specific gravity between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic is very small in comparison with that which exists between the water of the Black Sea and that of the *Ægean*.

As I understood that the *Shearwater*, when her survey of the Gulf of Suez had been completed, would proceed to the Dardanelles, I requested the Hydro-

grapher to the Admiralty to cause a series of experiments to be there made with the "current-drag" which had been successfully used in the experiments made by Captain Nares and myself in the Strait of Gibraltar.

These experiments were carried out with great skill by Captain Wharton, who succeeded Captain Nares in command of the *Shearwater*; and the summary of their results which I shall now give, is derived from the official account furnished by him to the Admiralty, of which I have received a copy by the kindness of the Hydrographer.

Although it is commonly supposed that the Dardanelles and Bosphorus surface-currents are *overflow*-currents, carrying off the excess of fresh water discharged by rivers into the Black Sea, yet it is now clear that they are in great measure *wind*-currents. During about three quarters of the year, the wind blows pretty steadily from the N. E., that is, *down* the Straits; and, as a rule, the stronger and more continuous the wind, the stronger is the surface *out*-current. On calm days, the *out*-current of the Dardanelles is usually slack; and if, as sometimes happens, a strong wind blows from the S. W., its flow may be entirely *checked*. It requires a continuance of strong S. W. wind, however, to *reverse* its direction; and its rate, when thus reversed, is never equal to that of the *out*-current. The speed of the Dardanelles current varies at different parts of the Strait, according to its breadth, — being usually about one knot per hour at Gallipoli, and three knots in the "Narrows" at Chanak Kaleksi, where, with a strong N. E. wind it is sometimes as much as four and a-half knots; the average of the whole being estimated by Captain Wharton at one and a-half knots. The Bosphorus current has not been so carefully studied as that of the Dardanelles; but Captain Wharton states that its rate is greater, averaging about two and a-half knots per hour, apparently in consequence of the limitation of its channel, which is scarcely wider at any point than is the Dardanelles at the "Narrows." It continues to run, though at a reduced rate, when there is no wind: and it is only in winter, after a continued S. W. gale of long duration, that a *reversal* of the Bosphorus current ever takes place.

It might have been supposed that, as the greatest depth of these two Straits does not exceed fifty fathoms, the determination of the question as to the exist-

ence of an under-current would be a comparatively easy matter. But it is rendered difficult by the very rapidity of the movement, alike in the upper and in the lower stratum.

It had, in fact, been affirmed by Captain Spratt, as the result of experiments formerly made by himself, that the lower stratum is stationary, this inference having been drawn from the fact, that when he let down into it a "current-drag" suspended to a floating buoy, the buoy did not show any decided change of position. But I had contested the validity of this inference on the ground that as the action of the surface current on the floating buoy made a *pull* on the suspending line quite strong enough to draw the current-drag through *still* water, this could only be kept in its stationary position by a *current acting upon it with equal force in the contrary direction*; so that the existence of such a current seemed to me to be demonstrated by the very experiments which had been adduced to disprove it.

The result of the earlier experiments made by Captain Wharton, in which he used the current-drags that we had found to work satisfactorily in the Strait of Gibraltar, corresponded pretty closely with those of Captain Spratt; no other than *inferential* evidence being obtained of the existence of an inward under-current. But perceiving from the very oblique direction of the suspending line, that the under-current must be acting on the current-drag at a great disadvantage, Capt. W. set himself to devise a drag which should hang vertically, even when the suspending line was oblique, so as to expose a large surface to the impact of a current at right angles to it. This worked satisfactorily; and gave the most conclusive evidence of the existence of a powerful under-current, by dragging the suspending buoy *inwards* against the surface-current; the force of which, aided by wind, was sufficient on several occasions to prevent the row-boats from following the buoy, only the steam-cutter being able to keep up with it. The following, which is the most striking of all his results, was obtained in the Bosphorus on the 21st of last August; with a surface-current running outwards at the rate of three and a-half knots per hour, and a N.E. wind of force 4. "When the current-drag was lowered to a depth afterwards assumed to be twenty fathoms, it at once rushed violently away against the surface-stream, the large buoy and a small one being pulled completely under

water, the third alone remaining visible. It was a wonderful sight to see this series of floats tearing through the water to windward. The steam-cutter had to go full speed to keep pace with it." When sunk two fathoms deeper, the strain was so great as to pull all three buoys beneath the surface; but in three quarters of an hour they reappeared at about two-thirds of a mile to windward, the drag having grounded. It is obvious that the real rate of the under-current must be very much greater than that indicated by the movement of the float; since the current-drag impelled by it had to draw the large suspending buoys and the upper part of the line against the powerful surface-current running at three and a-half knots an hour in the opposite direction; *their* motion through the water, therefore, being nearly four and a-half knots an hour.

The difference in the Specific Gravity of water obtained from different depths, was usually found in Captain Wharton's investigations, as in my own, to afford, under ordinary circumstances, a very sure indication of the direction of the movement of each stratum; the *heavy* water of the *Ægean* flowing *inwards*, and the *light* water of the Black Sea *outwards*. And it was indicated alike by both modes of inquiry, that the two strata move in opposite directions, one over the other, with very little intermixture or retardation; the passage from the one to the other being usually very abrupt. In a few instances there was a departure from the usual rule; an *outward* movement being found in the *deepest* stratum, while the middle stratum was moving *inwards*, though the water of both these strata had the density of the *Ægean*. These anomalies are considered by Captain Wharton to proceed from the prevalence of opposite winds at the two ends of the Strait.

As a general rule, the strength of the *inward* under-current was proportioned to that of the *outward* surface-current; and this was very remarkably shown in cases in which, both having been slack during a calm, an increase of wind augmented the rates of both currents alike. That a wind blowing *outwards* should promote the flow of an under-current *inwards*, may at first sight appear anomalous; but it is very easily accounted for. Suppose that a moderate S.W. wind, by checking the surface-outflow, keeps the level of the Black Sea just so much above that of the *Ægean*, that the greater *weight* of the latter column is counterpoised by the greater *height* of the former; then,

as the *bottom*-pressures of the two are equal, their *lateral* pressures will also be equal, and there will be no under-current so long as this condition lasts. But so soon as, on the cessation of the S.W. wind, the level of the Black Sea is lowered by a surface-outflow, the *Ægean* column comes to be the heavier, and its excess of lateral pressure produces a deep inflow. And when this *outflow* is further aided by a N.E. wind, so that the levels of the two seas are equalized, or there is even an excess of elevation at the *Ægean* end, the greater weight of the *Ægean* column will produce a greater lateral pressure, and will consequently increase the force of the *inward* under-current.

The two following cases are peculiarly illustrative of the effects of differences in downward pressure in the production of under-currents. The exit of the water brought down by the Hudson river is so much impeded by the "Narrows" of New York Harbour, that the surface-level of the river is always higher than that of the sea outside; and as the difference is ordinarily sufficient to do more than compensate for the excess in the weight of the column of sea-water outside, above that of the column of river-water inside, no deep inflow of sea-water takes place. But during the dry summer-season, the level of the river comes down so nearly to an equality with that of the sea, that the outside column becomes the heavier; and a deep *inflow* of salt water then takes place, extending a good way up the river, though the surface *outflow* consisting of water thus rendered brackish, continues for nine out of the twelve tidal hours.—Again it was pointed out by Sir William Thomson at the Edinburgh Meeting of the British Association, that the persistence of a surface current up a loch that opens from the sea, when a wind continuously setting *inwards* had raised a "head of water" at its farther extremity, can only be accounted for by a compensating *outward* undercurrent; which will be maintained by the excess of pressure at the head of the loch, so long as the level of the water is there kept up by the persistence of the *inward* drift-current.

The fact may now, therefore, be considered as put beyond question, that a slight excess of *downward pressure*, whether arising from difference of *specific gravity*, or from difference of *level*, is quite adequate to produce movement in great bodies of water, which movement may have the rate and force of a *current*

when restricted to a narrow channel; and the "creeping-flow" (I have never designated it as a "current") of Polar water along the Ocean bottom, which brings a glacial temperature into the Inter-tropical zone, is thus found to have an adequate *vera causa*, in the excess of deep lateral pressure exerted by the Polar column whose density has been augmented by cold, over that of the Equatorial column whose density has been diminished by heat.

Professor Huxley, however, while fully accepting these general propositions, and laying special stress on the contrast between the Temperature-phenomena of the Mediterranean and those of the outside Ocean, as evidence of the General Circulation for which I contend, has recently expressed the opinion in the pages of this *Review* (Vol. XXI., p. 84o), that the cause of the surface in-current through the Strait of Gibraltar, which is constantly bringing into the basin of the Mediterranean a vast body of Atlantic water, has *not* been shown to lie in that excess of evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean above the return by rain and rivers, to which, since the first promulgation of this doctrine by Dr. Halley, it has been usually attributed. I cannot but think that if my friend had looked a little more carefully into the evidence on this point, he would have scarcely used his authority to call in question a doctrine, which may, I think, be considered as being as well established as any doctrine in Physical Geography.

In the first place *primâ facie* evidence in its favour is afforded by the constantly-maintained *excess* in the salinity of Mediterranean water above that of the outside Atlantic. This excess is greater than Prof. Huxley has stated; for the specific gravity of the *surface*-water of the Mediterranean, *where subjected to great evaporation, and not reduced by the inflow from the Atlantic*, ranges as high as 1.0294, and the *bottom*-water to 1.0302, while that of Atlantic water averages 1.0265. And the excess of the saline constituents, as determined by chemical analysis, ranges as high as nine per cent. That there is *no increase* in the proportion of salt, notwithstanding the enormous amount daily brought by the Gibraltar current into the Mediterranean basin, is simply due to the fact that the *outward* under-current of dense Mediterranean water is constantly returning to

the Atlantic the salt which the surface-current brings in. But this constant *interchange* between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the outside Ocean, would *in time* most assuredly reduce the density of Mediterranean water to that of the Atlantic, if it were not as constantly maintained; and no other cause for its constant maintenance can be shown, than excess of evaporation.

But, says Professor Huxley, it would seem, when we consider the enormous amount of fresh water poured into the basin of the Mediterranean by the great rivers which discharge themselves into it, that "the sun must have enough to do to keep the level on the Mediterranean down." This part of the question has been more fully and carefully investigated (as I shall presently show) than my friend seems to have supposed; but before proceeding to discuss it, I shall bring to bear upon it the very remarkable results of the inquiries made into the Physical condition of the *Caspian Sea*, by a man whom Professor Huxley and I hold in equal respect,—the distinguished Professor Von Baer, who was sent thither some years ago by the Russian Government to report upon its Fisheries. This, the largest existing Inland Sea without any outlet, is a "survival" of that great central sea, which, at no remote geological period, covered a large part of Northern Asia; the gradual upheaval of the land having separated it from the Euxine on the one side, and from the Sea of Aral on the other, as well as from the Arctic Sea with which this marine province was formerly in communication. How small an elevation has sufficed to cut off this communication on the northern side, is shown by the fact, that the connection of the Dwina with the Volga, by a system of canals, has opened a way for vessels to pass between the Caspian and the White Sea. Thus remaining isolated in the midst of land, the Caspian has undergone a series of very remarkable changes, which can be distinctly traced out.

In the first place it is evident, (as was long since pointed out by Pallas) that the former extent of the Caspian was much greater than its present area. The southern portion of its basin, which lies among mountains whose escarpments extend beneath the water, is by far the deepest; a large part of its bottom lying between 2000 and 3000 feet below the present surface of the water. The middle portion has also a considerable depth on

the Caucasian side. But the northern portion is nowhere more than 50 feet deep; and this depth is continually being reduced by the alluvial deposit brought down by the rivers which discharge themselves into this part of the basin, notably the Volga and the Ural. These rivers run through an immense expanse of *steppes*, the slope of which towards the Caspian is almost imperceptible; so that if the level of its waters were to be raised even very slightly, an expanse of land at least equal to its present area would be covered by it. Now, as the present level is about eighty feet *below* that of the Black Sea, whilst ample evidence that the *steppes* were formerly overflowed by salt water is afforded by beds of marine shells, as well as by the persistence of numerous salt lakes and salt marshes, there can be no question that the northern basin of the Caspian formerly extended over the whole plain of the Volga below Saratov; and no other cause can be assigned for its contraction than *the excess of evaporation over the return of water by rain and rivers*.

But such a reduction in the volume of water as must have taken place in order to produce this lowering of level, would have shown itself, it might be supposed, in an increase of its salinity; whereas the fact is the proportion of salt (which varies in different parts of the basin, and also at different seasons) is on the average only about *one-fourth* of that which is found in Oceanic water, and does not much exceed one-half of the proportion contained in the water of the Euxine. This reduction, however, is fully explained by the observations of Von Baer, who traces it to the number of shallow lagoons by which the basin is surrounded, every one of which is a sort of natural "salt pan" for the evaporation of the water and the deposit of its saline matter in the solid form. This process may be well studied in the neighbourhood of Novo-Petrosk on the eastern coast; where what was formerly a bay is now divided into a large number of basins, presenting every degree of saline concentration. One of these still occasionally receives water from the sea, and has deposited on its banks only a very thin layer of salt. A second, likewise full of water, has its bottom hidden by a thick crust of rose-coloured crystals like a pavement of marble. A third exhibits a compact mass of salt, in which are pools of water whose surface is more than a

yard below the level of the sea. And a fourth has lost all its water by evaporation; and the stratum of salt left behind is now covered by sand. A similar concentration is taking place in the arm of the sea termed Karasu (Black Water), which runs southwards from the north-east angle of the basin; for notwithstanding the proximity of the mouths of the great rivers, the proportion of salt there rises so greatly above that of the ocean, that animal life, elsewhere extremely abundant, is almost or altogether suppressed.

This process goes on upon the greatest scale, however, in the Karaboghaz, — a shallow *diverticulum* from the eastern part of the middle basin, which is probably a "survival" of the former communication between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral. This vast gulf communicates with the sea by a narrow mouth, which is not more than about 150 yards wide, and 5 feet deep; and through this channel a current is always running inwards with an average speed of three miles an hour. This current is accelerated by westerly and retarded by easterly winds; but it never flows with less rapidity than a mile and a half per hour. The navigators of the Caspian, and the Turkoman nomads who wander on its shores, struck with the constant and unswerving course of this current, have supposed that its waters pass down into a subterranean abyss (Karaboghaz, black gulf), through which they reach either the Persian Gulf or the Black Sea. For this hypothesis, however, there is not the least foundation. The basin, being exposed to every wind and to most intense summer heat, is subject to the loss of an enormous quantity of water by evaporation; and as there is very little direct return by streams, the deficit can only be supplied by a flow from the Caspian. The small depth of the bar seems to prevent the return of a counter-current of denser water; none such having been detected, although the careful investigations made by Von Baer would have shown its presence if it really existed. And thus there is a progressively increasing concentration of the water within the basin of the Karaboghaz; so that seals which used to frequent it are no longer found there, and its borders are entirely destitute of vegetation. Layers of salt are being deposited on the mud at the bottom; and the sounding-line, when scarcely out of the water, is covered with saline crystals. Taking the

lowest estimates of the degree of saltiness of the Caspian water, the width and depth of the channel, and the speed of the current, Von Baer has shown that the Karaboghaz alone *daily* receives from the Caspian the enormous quantity of *three hundred and fifty thousand tons of salt*. If such an elevation were to take place of the surface of the bar, as should separate the Karaboghaz from the basin of the Caspian, it would quickly diminish in extent, its banks would be converted into immense fields of salt, and the sheet of water which might remain would be either converted into a shallow lake — like Lake Elton, which is 200 miles from the present northern border of the Caspian; or a salt marsh — like those which cover extensive tracts of the steppes; or might altogether disappear by drying up, — as seems to have been the case with a depressed area lying between Lake Elton and the River Ural, which is 79 feet below the level of the Caspian, and about as much more below that of the Black Sea. It is impossible that a more "pregnant instance" could be adduced, of the effect of *evaporation alone* in maintaining a powerful current, than is afforded by this case of the Karaboghaz.

That when the basin of the Caspian had been once completely isolated, the level of its water was *rapidly* lowered by evaporation, until its area was so far reduced as to keep down the amount of evaporation to that of the return of fresh water by rain and rivers, is shown by Von Baer to be an almost inevitable inference from facts of two independent orders. At the height of from 65 to 80 feet above the present level, the rocks which formed the original seashore of the *southern* basin have been furrowed out into tooth-shaped points and needles; lower down, on the contrary, the rocks now laid bare show no trace of the erosive action of the water; so that its level would seem to have sunk too rapidly to allow the waves sufficient time to attack the cliff-walls effectively. Again, along the shallow border of the *northern* basin, the shore for a space of 250 miles is gashed with thousands of narrow channels, from twelve to thirty miles in length, separated by chains of hillocks, which pass inland into the level ground of the steppes. In the neighbourhood of the mouths of the Volga, which brings down a greatly increased volume of water at the time of the melting of the snows, the excess flows into these channels, and thus tends to keep them open; so that, when the inun-

dation is over, the sea again passes up them. Further to the south, on the other hand, the channels, like the intervening hillocks, are not continuous, but form chains of little lakes, separated by sandy isthmuses. Although these channels run nearly parallel to each other, yet they have a somewhat fan-like arrangement; their centre of radiation being the higher part of the isthmus which separates the slope of the Caspian from that of the N.E. portion of the Black Sea. It is difficult to see how these channels can have been formed, except by the furrowing of the soft soil during the rapid sinking of the level of the Caspian water; as happens on the muddy banks of a reservoir, in which the water is being rapidly lowered by the opening of a sluice-gate.

Now, since in the area of the Caspian, as at present limited, an *equilibrium* has been established between the quantity of water lost by evaporation, and that returned to it by rain and rivers (for there is no reason to believe that any continuous change of level is *now* going on), we can arrive at a better idea of what the amount of such evaporation really is, from what is needed to make it good, than we have any other means of forming. The Volga is, next to the Danube, the largest European river, and its drainage-area is enormous; the Ural is a considerable river, probably not bringing down much less water than the Don; whilst the Kur and the Araxes, which drain a large part of Transcaucasia, cannot together be much inferior to the Dnieper: and yet the whole mass of water brought down by these four rivers, serves only to keep the present level of the Caspian from being further lowered by evaporation.

Let us now compare with the Caspian the *Black Sea*, with which it was formerly in continuity, and which communicates indirectly with the general Oceanic system. The area of the Black Sea (including the Sea of Azov) and that of the Caspian are nearly equal; each being estimated at about 180,000 square miles. They lie for the most part between the same Annual Isotherms of 60° and 50°, the extensions of the Caspian to the south of the former and to the north of the latter being nearly equal; and hence we may conclude that the evaporation from the two seas is nearly the same. Now, as the whole water of the Volga and of the other rivers that empty themselves into the Caspian is only sufficient to make up for *its* evaporation, it is obvious that

the contribution of the Danube, the Dnieper, the Dniester, the Don, and other rivers that empty themselves into the Black Sea, towards the supply of the *Mediterranean*, is only the *excess* which remains after compensating for the evaporation of the Black Sea, or (assuming the equality of this with the evaporation of the Caspian) the excess of the volume of the Black Sea rivers over that of the Caspian rivers, which (as will presently appear) must be a very insignificant contribution to the *Mediterranean* in comparison with the area of the latter.

How small that excess really is, may be gathered from the experiments on the Dardanelles and Bosphorus currents, of which the particulars have already been given. For not only is the outward surface-current extremely variable in its rate, and liable to occasional reversal, but, when it is at its strongest, its effect is most counteracted by the inward under-current. The proportional force and volume of the two currents cannot be estimated from these experiments with anything like certainty; but Captain Wharton thinks that the under-current sometimes carries *in* as much as *two-thirds* of the water that the surface-current carries *out*. That it ordinarily returns at least *half*, may be fairly inferred from the constant maintenance of the average salinity of the Black Sea water at about half that of Mediterranean water; since it is obvious that this proportion could not be kept up, unless as much salt re-enters the basin by the under-current, as passes out of it by the upper. Hence, as the *salinity* of the under-current is *twice* that of the upper, its *volume* may be taken at about *one-half*; so that the *actual excess* of outflow will be only about *one-half* of the volume of water that forms the surface-current. And thus the whole contribution of the great rivers that discharge themselves into the Black Sea, to the maintenance of the level of the Mediterranean, is represented by an outflow through the Dardanelles by no means exceeding the amount brought down by a single considerable river.

We now turn to the *Mediterranean*; and shall again use the Caspian as a basis on which we may form some kind of approximative estimate as to the proportion between the evaporation from its surface and the return by river-flow.

In the first place, the *area* of the Mediterranean, including the *Ægean* and the *Adriatic*, is between *four* and *five* times

the present area of the Caspian; so that, taking the evaporation over equal areas of the two seas to be the *same*, the quantity of return that would be needed to keep up the level of the Mediterranean, would be between four and five times as great as that which suffices to maintain that of the Caspian. But looking to the fact that the principal part of the area of the Mediterranean lies east and west between the parallels of  $32^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$  N. lat., whilst that of the Caspian lies north and south between the parallels of  $36^{\circ}$  and  $46^{\circ}$ , it seems obvious that this difference alone would cause the evaporation of the Mediterranean to be *much greater* for equal areas than that of the Caspian. The ordinary Summer temperature of a considerable part of the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean is not much below  $80^{\circ}$ : I have myself seen it ranging from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$  between Malta and Alexandria, in the early part of October. And, notwithstanding the curious northern bend by which the summer Isotherm of  $80^{\circ}$  is carried through Greece and Asia Minor, along the southern shore of the Black Sea, it only just touches the southern basin of the Caspian; the summer temperature of nearly the whole of this sea being below that of the northernmost parts of the Mediterranean. The difference is far greater, however, during the Winter months. Taking the lowest winter temperature of the Mediterranean at Professor Huxley's average of  $48^{\circ}$  (and I have reason to believe that this is some degrees too low for the Eastern basin, whilst it is not at all too high for the Western), we find the January mean of the Caspian to range from  $40^{\circ}$  at its southern extremity, to  $30^{\circ}$  in its middle basin, while its northern basin is crossed by the January isotherm of  $20^{\circ}$ . Hence, as regards *Temperature* alone, the mean annual excess is largely on the side of the Mediterranean. But there is another element not less important,—the extreme *dryness* of the hot winds which blow over the Mediterranean (especially its Eastern basin) from the great African deserts, and which take up an enormous amount of moisture in their course. Having heard much of the scorching power of the Sirocco, I was surprised, when in Malta (towards which this wind blows from the south-east), to find that its enervating effect was due to its excessive *humidity*, derived from the extent of sea it had traversed since leaving the Libyan deserts.

We should not be far wrong, then, in

assuming that, to counteract this enormous evaporation, the volume of river-water poured into the Mediterranean ought to be *at least six times* that received by the Caspian. But what is the actual amount of that supply? Along the whole African coast, from the Strait of Gibraltar to the Nile, there is nothing that can be called a large river. Around the whole Levant there is the same deficiency. And thus, with the exception of the Nile and of the Po—a slow-flowing river of very moderate volume, no great body of water is poured into the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean, save the *overflow* of the Black Sea, which comes down through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. How small a contribution is made by this overflow to the maintenance of the general level of the Mediterranean, seems apparent from the fact that the specific gravity of the water of the *Ægean*, with which it first mingles, is scarcely, if at all, lowered by the intermixture of the half-salt stream which discharges itself into the part of it most remote from its communication with that larger basin. Into the Western basin of the Mediterranean, no other considerable rivers discharge themselves than the Rhone and the Ebro. Thus the sum-total of the supply brought into the whole Mediterranean area by great rivers, may be expressed by the Nile, one-half of the Dardanelles surface-current, the Po, the Rhone, and the Ebro. And if we add to these the “ten submarine springs of fresh water which are known to burst up in the Mediterranean,” it seems to me perfectly clear that we cannot make that total anything like *six times* the amount that is brought into the Caspian by the Volga, the Ural, and the Transcaucasian rivers, and which has been shown to be *entirely dissipated by evaporation*.—It has been estimated by two French officers, MM. Régy and Vigan,\* who have recently compared the probable evaporation of the Mediterranean with the rain-fall over its area, that the annual excess of the former represents a stratum of 4.1-2 feet; and the largest estimate of the amount brought in by rivers cannot make up a third of this quantity.†

\* Annales des Ponts et Chaussées, 1863 and 1866.

† Sir John Herschel, adopting somewhat different data, came to a conclusion essentially the same. Taking in the Black Sea as part of the Mediterranean basin, he estimates its whole area at 1,150,000 miles, and considers it as traversed medially by the Isotherm of  $63^{\circ}$ . The excess of evaporation over rain fall, for the entire area, he reckons at 28 inches, giving 598 cubic miles to be supplied in other ways. Now the Nile is estimated to deliver through the year less than 22 cubic miles;

With such an adequate *vera causa* as this enormous excess of evaporation, there is no occasion to go in search of any other explanation for the Gibraltar in-current. For it is obvious that if the "marine water-shed" between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel were to be raised 1000 feet, so as to cut off the Mediterranean basin from the Atlantic, the excess of evaporation from its surface would produce a progressive reduction of its level—as has happened with the Caspian,—until its area came to be so far restricted as to limit its evaporation to the amount returned to it by rain and rivers. But so long as this communication remains open, so long will an in-current through the Strait of Gibraltar maintain the present level and area of the Mediterranean. That this in-current persists through the winter (which is advanced by Prof. Huxley as an objection to the received doctrine) is easily explained. The temperature of the surface, though reduced to 50 degrees or thereabouts, is still sufficiently high (especially under dry African winds) to maintain a considerable amount of evaporation; and it is during the season of this *reduced* evaporation, that the river-supply is least. For all the great rivers which discharge themselves into the Mediterranean basin are at their lowest during the winter months, their upper sources being then frozen up; and it is with the melting of the snows that they become filled again.

Although I was at first inclined to regard the uniform Temperature of the great mass of Mediterranean water below the variable surface-stratum, as mainly dependent on that of the subjacent crust of the Earth, yet my later and more extended inquiries have led me to believe that the coincidence is here accidental; and that, as in the case of other Inland Seas, the uniform temperature is mainly determined by the lowest winter temperature of the area. For I found it to be about two degrees higher in the Eastern basin than in the Western, in accordance with its lower latitude. And in the Red Sea it seems to be very considerably above this; the Temperature-soundings taken by Captain Nares in the Gulf of Suez, in the month of February, giving

70° Fahr. as the uniform temperature from the surface to the bottom at 450 fathoms. This February temperature may be taken as representing the *isotherm* of the northern part of the Red Sea; and, until evidence to the contrary shall have been obtained, we may assume that the deep temperature of no part of the Red Sea falls below this, unless reduced by the inflow of cold water from the deeper stratum of the Arabian Gulf.

A very interesting question here arises, as to the possible influence of this uniformly elevated Temperature in the Red Sea, upon the growth of the Corals which abound in its basin and form the reefs so dangerous to the navigator. It seems to be the universal opinion of those who have most carefully studied the existing Coral Formations in the Oceanic area, that the reef-building types do not live and grow at a greater depth than the twenty fathoms first assigned as their limit by Mr. Darwin. Yet as Stony Corals similar to these in every Physiological character, save massiveness, have been repeatedly brought up in the *Porcupine* dredgings from depths of *several hundred* fathoms, there seems no *à priori* reason for the restriction of the reef-builders to this limited *depth*; and it has suggested itself to me, whether the limit is not really one of *temperature*. For it is pointed out by Mr. Dana in his recent treatise on "Corals and Coral-Islands," as a deduction from the Geographical Distribution of the reef-builders, that they cannot live in any part of the Ocean of which the temperature ever falls below 68°: so that even the Galapagos islands, which lie under the Equator, are outside the boundary-line of the Coral Sea; this being carried to the north of the Equator by the cold (Humboldt's) current which comes up along the Western Coast of South America, and which I regard as the *indraght* of the Pacific Equatorial current. Now all we at present know of the relation of Temperature to Depth, would indicate that even in the Inter-tropical area of the open Ocean, the temperature at twenty fathoms may not be much above 68°, and that in the next ten fathoms it suffers a considerable reduction; so that the *bathymetrical* limit of the reef-builders may really be a *thermal* one. And if the temperature of the Red Sea everywhere and throughout the year should prove to be above that limit, it will become a most interesting question to determine whether the reef-building Corals are, or are not, to be found in that

"so that even on the extravagant supposition that each of the other principal rivers (the Danube, Dnieper, Don, Dniester, Po, Rhone, and Ebro,) contribute as much as the Nile, we should still have only 173 cubic miles of river-supply, leaving 335 to be furnished by the Atlantic." (Physical Geography, p. 27.)

Sea at a greater depth than in the open Ocean; and, if so, what is the greatest depth at which they there exist.—This question has obviously a most important bearing on the interpretation of many Geological phenomena; for if the limitation of the depth of living reef-builders be really *thermometric*, instead of *bathymetric*, so that where secluded from the General Oceanic Circulation they can grow up from a greater depth than in the Oceanic area, it is obvious that such a limitation cannot be rightly assumed in regard to the Coral Growths of former Epochs.

It is curious to see how, in another place, an inflow of colder water, at a limited depth, modifies the temperature of an Inland Sea. Between the north-eastern portion of Borneo and Mindanao (the southernmost of the Philippine group) there is an area, called the Sulu Sea, which is really far more completely enclosed than appears on the Map; for the islands that lie at intervals between its two principal boundaries are so connected by intervening reefs, which do not rise to the surface, that this Sulu Sea has only a very superficial and limited communication with either the China Sea, or the Celebez Sea. Notwithstanding this enclosure, its depth is very great, reaching to 1600 fathoms; and its Temperature-phenomena present the same remarkable contrast with the China Sea outside, as do those of the Mediterranean with the Atlantic. For the surface-temperature of both being nearly the same ( $83^{\circ}$  and  $84^{\circ}$ ), and the reduction to  $50^{\circ}$  being shown at nearly the same depth (about 300 fathoms), the temperature of the Sulu Sea from that plane to the bottom remains uniform, whilst that of the China Sea continues to descend, until  $37^{\circ}$  is reached at 670 fathoms, below which it undergoes little further reduction, even to a depth of 1550 fathoms. That the uniform temperature of the Sulu Sea from about 300 fathoms downwards to 1600, is *lower* than that of the Mediterranean by about four or five degrees, notwithstanding that it is so much nearer the Equator that its surface-temperature must be considerably *higher* all through the year, is obviously due to the admission of outside-water, which has been cooled by the Polar flow, through passages between its bounding reefs and islands; and we might fix the probable depth of those passages at about 250 fathoms.

It seems probable that every local pe-

culiarity of Temperature, either in the Ocean or in Inland Seas, will prove to be explicable by attention to these conditions,—the degree of seclusion of the area from the Polar flow, and the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Thus, in the Celebez Sea, the depth of which has lately been found by Captain Chimmoto to be nearly 2700 fathoms, the bottom temperature was found to be  $38\ 1-2^{\circ}$ ; whilst at a less depth in the Indian Ocean, a little to the west of Sumatra, a bottom-temperature of  $32^{\circ}$  was met with. A glance at the Map will show that whilst the latter station is in the direct course of the bottom-flow of Antarctic water towards the Equator, this flow could only reach the former by going a long way round.

The peculiarities of Inland Seas in regard to Temperature seem to have a much more potent influence on Animal life than would at first be apparent. I went to the Mediterranean with the full expectation of finding its depths tenanted by the like varied and abundant Fauna that we had met with at corresponding depths in the Atlantic; and considering that the existence of this Sea can be clearly traced back through the whole Tertiary period, I expected to find in this fauna the like representation of the early Tertiaries, that the fauna of the deep Atlantic had shown of the Cretaceous. What, then, was my disappointment at finding the dredge come up, time after time, from depths ranging between 300 and 1500 fathoms, laden with a barren mud; the most careful examination of which revealed not a single living organism, and only a few fragments of dead shells and corals, large enough to be recognizable as such, which had obviously drifted from some other locality. The idea of the nearly *azoic* condition of the deeper part of the Mediterranean, to which I was thus led, having been confirmed by the results of Oscar Schmidt's dredgings in the Adriatic, the question arises,—to what is this condition due? I was in the first instance disposed to attribute it to the turbid condition of the bottom-water, which is charged (as I was able to prove by observation) with extremely fine sedimentary particles, whose slow settling-down forms the mud of the bottom. These seem to be chiefly derived, in the Eastern basin, from the Nile; and in the Western basin, from the Rhone: the coarser particles in each case settling down near the mouths of those rivers, whilst the finer are diffused through the

whole mass of Mediterranean water, gravitating very slowly to the depths of its basin.

It may be interesting to note, that it is to this diffusion, — experimentally proved on the large scale by the admixture of mud with the saline deposit of the boilers of steam-ships voyaging in the Mediterranean, and on the small by Professor Tyndall's electric-light test, — that the peculiar *blueness* of the waters of the Mediterranean is due. The case is precisely paralleled by that of the Lake of Geneva, through which the Upper Rhone flows, depositing near its entrance the coarser particles of sediment, and diffusing the finer through the entire waters of the lake, to which they impart a corresponding blueness.

It is well known that a muddy state of the bottom-water is unfavourable to the presence of Animal life; and it has been particularly noted by Dana, that where such a sediment brought down by a current is diffused over a part of a bed of living Coral, it kills the animals of that part. Moreover, I learned at Malta that in the beds which yield the extremely *fine-grained* stone which is used for delicate carvings, scarcely any fossils are found save sharks' teeth; whilst in the *coarse-grained* beds of the same formation, fossils are abundant; and as the former may be regarded as the product of a slow deposit in the *deep* sea, so may the latter be considered as *shore*-beds. Further, I have been informed by Professor Duncan, that in the *Fleisch* of the Alps, which shows in some parts a thickness of several thousand feet, and which is composed of a very fine sedimentary material, there is an almost entire absence of Organic remains.

There is, however, another condition of the bottom-water of the Mediterranean, which is *not less* unfavourable than its turbidity — probably *yet more so* — to the existence of Animal life in its depths; namely, the *deficiency of Oxygen* produced by the slow decomposition of the organic matter brought down by its great rivers. According to the determination which I made in my second visit to the Mediterranean in 1871, the gases boiled-off from water brought up from great depths contained only about 5 per cent. of Oxygen and 35 per cent. of Nitrogen, the remaining 60 per cent. being Carbonic Acid. Now in gases boiled-off from the deep water of the Atlantic, the average percentage of Oxygen was about 20, while that of Carbonic Acid was between 30

and 40; even this large proportion of Carbonic Acid not appearing prejudicial to the life of the Marine Invertebrata, so long as Oxygen was present in sufficient proportion.

The *rationale* of both these conditions seems obviously the same; — namely, that in consequence of the uniformity of Temperature of the whole mass of Mediterranean water below the surface-stratum of 200 fathoms (which alone will be disturbed by Wind, or be affected by the influx of Rivers and of the Gibraltar current), there is *no Thermal Circulation*; the whole contents of the deeper part of this immense basin being thus in an *absolutely stagnant* condition. If the doctrine of a Vertical Oceanic Circulation be true, every drop of Ocean-water is brought in its turn to the surface, where it can get rid of its Carbonic Acid, and take in a fresh supply of Oxygen. But as the density of the surface-stratum of the Mediterranean is never rendered greater by reduction of Temperature, than that of the mass of water it overlies, there is no agency capable of producing any interchange; the bottom-water charged with the slowly-gravitating sediment is never disturbed; and the Organic matter contained in that sediment consumes its Oxygen so much more rapidly than it can be supplied from above by diffusion through the vast column of superincumbent water, that nearly the whole of it is converted into Carbonic Acid, scarcely any being left for the support of Animal Life.

These considerations, then, seem fully adequate to account for the paucity of Life in the deeper part of the Mediterranean basin; and they will, of course, equally apply to the case of any other Inland Sea, so far as the same conditions apply. And it is not a little interesting to find that my old friend and fellow-student Edward Forbes was perfectly correct as to the limitation of Animal Life — so far as regards the *Ægean* Sea, in which his own researches were prosecuted — to a depth of about 300 fathoms; the error, which was rather that of others than his own, being in the supposition that this limitation applies equally to the great Ocean-basins, past as well as present. The researches in which it has been my privilege to bear a part, have shown that *as regards the latter* there is probably no Bathymetrical limit to Animal Life; while the results of my inquiries into the influence of the Physical Conditions of the Mediterranean in limiting the bathy-

metrical diffusion of its Fauna, will not, I venture to hope, be without their use in Geological Theory.

W. B. CARPENTER.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE CONDITION OF PERSIA.

SOME interesting information respecting the internal condition of Persia in the early part of last year is furnished by the narrative of Mr. Brittlebank's travels in that country. Mr. Brittlebank left Southampton on January 4, and landing at Ceylon passed rapidly thence to Madras, and so on to Bombay. There he embarked for the Persian Gulf, and calling by the way at Kurrachee, Muscat, Bunder Abbas, and Linga, reached Bushire on the morning of March 28, having thus accomplished this circuitous journey in less than three months by a full week. On the way Mr. Brittlebank tells us that every one acquainted with Persia with whom he came in contact attempted to dissuade him from his purpose. They represented to him that the country was suffering in the agonies of a most fearful famine, that its society was disorganized, and its Government without power to afford protection; that consequently, even if he should be fortunate enough to escape pestilence and the hand of violence, he would yet be unable to obtain the accomodation necessary to complete his journey. Mr. Brittlebank's courage, however, was not to be shaken, and the result proved that the picture thus drawn beforehand of the perils he would have to encounter was overwrought. Though the state of Persia was in an extreme degree deplorable, outward order was tolerably well preserved, and so far from Government being without power, every person in authority was obeyed with the most slavish submissiveness. Nor was there anywhere, even where the roadside was dotted with the bodies of those dead of hunger, an attempt made to procure food by force, or to molest the foreign traveller. A youth fresh from Eton, he passed from Bushire to the coast of the Caspian Sea, attended through the most distressed provinces by only a single native servant, yet he was never once molested. But though the warnings he received were thus exaggerated, respecting the horrors of the famine there was no exaggeration. His first walk through Bushire was sufficient to satisfy him on that point.

Owing to its situation, that port escaped the worst extremities of the prevailing scarcity; but still its streets were haunted by men, women, and children in the last stage of emaciation from hunger. As the traveller advanced inland, however, the evidences of the sufferings of the population became more numerous and appalling. At Kazeroon, between Bushire and Shiraz, Mr. Brittlebank was witness of a scene the description of which, as illustrating the state of the country we may perhaps be permitted to quote:—"The morning after our arrival a crowd of emaciated natives poured into the yard of the station. Some sat on their heels, some propped themselves up against the wall, others lay wearily at full length on the ground. They numbered in all—men, women, and children—a couple of hundred. They were all in rags or more than half-naked, and the effluvium from them was so fetid that, although standing on the top of the station, about twelve or fourteen yards off, I could scarcely bear it. They were of all ages; but their sufferings seemed to have told most on the children. The girls looked like hags, the boys like aged dwarfs. Two or three Persian 'gholams'—men who, when the telegraphic communication is interrupted, go down the line until they discover the place at fault—stood at the gate in order that the very poor and starving might alone enter. I could not make out what test they applied to discriminate between the famished and half-famished, but I noticed that they rejected very miserable looking women who supplicated for admission. Another 'gholam' assisted the Armenian in distributing the dates, the form in which the relief was given. When the dates were brought in, every device was resorted to in order to obtain a double supply; and the crowd sometimes became so wild that the trays on which the fruit was placed were upset, and what might in truth be termed a life-and-death fight was fought over it. The distribution over, the unhappy beings got back as they best could to their hovels to pine and suffer, sustained only by the hope of a future dole at the station." The traveller was, however, only now entering upon the real famine region. Up to Shiraz he found no serious difficulty in obtaining horses, but at that town he was unable to buy a single beast likely to live, and was forced, therefore, to travel thenceforwards on hired horses, and even these were little more than skin and bone from want of food. Corpses by the wayside, black and

swollen, now became more and more frequent on each successive day. Just before reaching Ispahan, on riding into a caravanserai one night, "a faint gust of wind brought with it the smells of a charnel-house. On looking round I noticed a woman lying on her face. She was dead and perfectly naked, the few garments which she was accustomed to wear having been taken by some other poor creature starving in the chilly night. Out of the sockets of her eyes and mouth a black and noisome fluid was oozing, and the side of her face and breast were gnawed away. Two famished-looking men and a woman were seated a few yards off glaring at the body with wolfish eyes. A horrible suspicion seized me. . . . I would not believe, and yet I could not doubt it, so hungry and ravenous were their looks. Passing them, and stepping over two more dead bodies, I came to the stable on the right side of the yard. I entered it, and after waiting till my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, discovered on the one side the dead body of a man, and on the other side, close to the wall, a woman and a child. The woman was dead, the child just breathed. I hastened with it into the air, hoping that life might still be preserved in it. It was too late." From Ispahan to the capital the suffering seemed, if possible, to grow more intense and universal. But once Teheran was passed, although there was still distress, it did not present the terrible form witnessed amid the barren mountains and sandy salt plains of the centre of the kingdom.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF BIRDS.

THE *Popular Science Review* for July contains some interesting but too brief remarks by Mr. Leith Adams on the "Mental Powers of Birds," which it is interesting to define specifically as distinguished from the mental powers of other animals of the higher order of sagacity. This we will briefly do. First, it would appear from Mr. Darwin's discussions—though Mr. Leith Adams hardly refers to them,—that none of the lower orders of creatures have so keen an appreciation of beauty as many kinds of birds, and certainly that none turn this taste for beauty so deliberately to the purpose of social amusement. That great naturalist has described how some

kinds of birds really celebrate festivities very closely approaching to our wedding fêtes, balls, and garden parties, in places carefully decorated and arranged by the birds for the purpose of social gatherings, and which are not used for their actual dwelling-places. The best evidence, says Mr. Darwin, of a taste for the beautiful "is afforded by the three genera of Australian bower-birds." "Their bowers where the sexes congregate and play strange antics" [? at all stranger than our waltzes and quadrilles] "are differently constructed; but what most concerns us is that they are decorated in a different manner by the different species. The satin bower-bird collects gaily-coloured articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parrakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs, or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds while at play. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse. Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The regent-bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and 'with berries of various colours, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly-picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish colour, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.' Well may Mr. Gould say, 'these highly-decorated halls of assembly must be regarded as the most wonderful instances of bird architecture yet discovered;' and the taste, we see, of the several species certainly differs." You could not have distincter evidence in a lady's salon carefully decorated with flowers, either of her taste for the beautiful, or of the deliberate subordination of that taste to social purposes, than we have here of the same qualities in birds. Mr. Leith Adams in his paper hardly refers, as we have already observed, to this remarkable class of facts at all only pointing out that the obvious preference for gaily-coloured plumage on the part of

the females clearly implies a genuine taste for the beautiful in birds, which is, of course, true, but is not nearly as good evidence of a distinct intellectual development on this point, as the elaborate decoration of their bowers by birds for festive purposes. The mere preference for gay colours may be unconscious and purely instinctive, but when a bird looks out for bleached land-shells and tall grasses to ornament its reception room, and fetches round stones to "fix" the grasses in their proper place, and then uses the hall thus provided only for festive social purposes, you can hardly deny such birds either the powers or the tastes of landscape gardeners and ball givers. And we fancy this kind of deliberate taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful in subordination to social purposes, is confined among the lower animals to birds; and as regards the social purposes, to a very few orders of birds. A great many birds seem to have more appreciation of beauty of colour than almost any other class of animals, but only in a few species has it risen to the point of a really decorative social art. We may gather from this that in the bird the perception of harmony is of a very high kind, and this evidently applies to sound as well as colour. No creatures utter sounds so full of beauty, or display such wonderful qualifications for imitating the beautiful sounds they hear. Must we not say, then, that the bird has, in more force than any other species of the lower animals, the perception of harmony in forms, colours, and sounds, and the further consciousness of the fascination such harmony has for its own species, and the enhancement it lends to social enjoyments.

Another great mental quality which birds seem to have in excess of other animals, is a very fine calculation of distance, and this, too, in direct subordination to their own well-being. It has been shown again and again, — and Mr. Leith Adams refers to some facts in support of it in this essay, — that as new weapons of offence are invented many species of birds narrowly observe the range of the new bows or guns, and keep out of range, not even troubling themselves to go at all farther than is necessary to be out of range. Quite recently we have read, though we cannot verify the reference at present, of some birds which adapted themselves within a few days to the increased range of the rifle, directly after they had learned its

range for the first time, having been previously accustomed only to the fowling-piece, and kept just outside the two thousand yards' range, or whatever range it was, retaining their composure perfectly at that distance. We suppose the wonderful accuracy of the travelling birds in striking the exact point for which they are bound, of which Mr. Leith Adams gives us wonderful illustrations, is a still greater proof of the same power. Mr. Adams tells us of swifts which, after eight months' absence in the South, — at a distance of some 1,800 or 1,900 miles, — return not merely to the same region, but to the same nests, which they had deserted, and that, too, year after year, — the individuals having been marked so that there could be no mistake as to their identity, unless indeed there be such creatures as "claimants" to abandoned nests even in the ornithological world. Again, the delicate adaptation of the power of geometrical measurement to the welfare of its species, seems to be shown by the weaver-bird of India, which hangs its "elaborately-constructed, purse-shaped nest" "from the tops of branches overhanging deep wells," in order to render it particularly difficult for enemies to get at the nest without running a great risk of falling into the well.

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From Land and Water.

#### HIPPOPOTAMI FIGHTING IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, I have had the good fortune to be present on the occasion when the little Hippopotamus, Guy Fawkes — who is now eight months old — was introduced to his disagreeable old father, Obesh, a resident in the gardens for twenty-three years. Obesh was quietly munching his breakfast of grass in the outside den, when at a given signal the portcullis of the mother's den was gradually raised, and the two heads appeared gazing out with a most comical expression. Seeing his wife, the old man left off munching his grass, grinned a ghastly grin, and he loudly trumpeted "Umph," "Umph," "Umph."

Little Guy Fawkes then came forward from behind his mother, with the action and stiffness of a pointer when he has discovered a covey of birds: gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and their outstretched noses were just touching, when the old woman sounded the

signal for war, and rushing past the young one, fairly challenged her lord and master to single combat. He instantly retreated a step or two, and his wife began to pretend to munch at the grass, keeping her eyes always fixed spitefully upon him.

Just at this moment the sun shone out, and I was enabled to see most distinctly the remarkable phenomenon of the "blood-sweat" of these gigantic animals when excited.

The usual pale chocolate colour of the skin of the husband and wife became densely covered with spots that looked like thin red gum, and when the male turned his head I could see that these spots were globular; they glistened like dew on a cabbage, and stood high upon the skin like blood-stained diamonds. I managed subsequently to wipe off one of these globules, and it stained my notebook quite red. After gazing at each other for about a minute, old Dil—for that is the female's name—made a savage rush at her husband, and simultaneously both animals reared right up on their hind legs, like bull-dogs fighting. They gaped wide their gigantic mouths, and bit, and struck, and lunged at each other savagely, while the grass fell out of their great coal-scuttle mouths on to the battle-field. The crash of their tusks coming together was truly Homeric, and reminded me of the rattle and smashing clash, only exaggerated, when the Windsor Park red deer charge and fight with their horns. For a second or two these two gigantic animals closed together and swayed to and fro like Cornish wrestlers. This scene of the Hippopotami fighting was grand in the extreme, and would form a good subject for an Oxford prize poem or the pencil of Landseer. When they settled on their four legs again the old woman followed up her advantage by giving her husband a tremendous push, "well hit," with her head; and while the cowardly old fellow sneaked backwards into his pond, his wife trumpeted a triumphant signal of victory from the bank. All this time little Guy kept well in rear of his mother, occasionally peeping round her sides to see the rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a husband and wife having a row. Dil then slowly, and in a Shah-like manner, walked down the steps into the water, and hunted the old man about until she drove him up into a corner; she then mounted sentry over him. The young one then mounted on to his mother's back, and gazed with filial

respect, not unmingled with impudence, at his father. At the least movement on his governor's side he sank down into the water as quiet as an otter, without making the slightest ripple or sending up a bubble of air, and shortly reappeared with his pretty little head, erect ears, and bright eyes, and looking like a gigantic frog. During his subaqueous excursion the little rascal had probably gone up to and touched his father, for the old fellow gave a sudden plunge and jump as if he had been touched up from underneath by something alive. Thus the three remained for about half an hour, grunting and staring at each other. Obesh made one attempt to get out of his corner, and retreat into his den, but the artful old "missis" was too quick for him, cut off his retreat, and drove him back. The little one, I observed, always kept the far side of his mother, in case his father should turn rusty again. In about three-quarters of an hour the row was all over, and instead of angry trumpetings the signals gradually assumed a more amicable tone, and it was evident that the two Behemoths were getting into good temper. At last the female swam nearer to her husband, and distending her great nostrils to the utmost, uttered a kind of hiss, not the least like a war cry. When the keeper heard this he said, "They are all right now, Sir; they'll not fight any more. See, the old man's beginning to smile, and he has uncocked his ears, and left off staring." The faithful keeper was quite right, for all three Hippos at once became friends, and the domestic row was over.

I understand that on the previous day, when these three beauties were first put together, little Guy Fawkes immediately went up to his governor, and cheeked him in the most insolent manner; he bristled up, grunted at him, showed his teeth, and actually challenged his father to fight. The mother then charged the old father, scratched his face, and pushed him right bang all of a lump into the water. The little one followed up directly, swam under his father's legs, and actually bit at and pulled the paternal tail. On the second occasion the youngster behaved very differently; it was quite evident that somehow or other his mother had cautioned him and given him orders to keep in the rear while she fought her old man. On this occasion Obesh was terribly alarmed, although his wife frightened more than hurt him. She so alarmed him that a new discovery was made by Mr. Bartlett. After the row was over the

cowardly old Obesh changed colour. His mulatto-coloured skin got gradually whiter and whiter, and the lower part of his head and sides became of a creamy-white tint, and the poor old fellow looked "as white as a ghost." It was some hours before he came to his proper colour again. When his wife gave him a hiding on the second day Obesh again turned somewhat white, making his blood spots stand out with unusual clearness. Now that this family scrimmage is over, we trust that for the future they will enjoy domestic felicity.

By the way, the controversy has not yet been decided whether the present name "Hip-po-po-ta-mus" (which means a horse-river, not a river-horse), shall not be re-cast into Potamippus, and the little Guy Fawkes receive a new appellation — the diminutive of the original word — viz., "Hippopotamidion" or "Potamippodion." This, as your correspondent Mr. E. K. Karslake remarks, "would be barbarous." I should like to hear a stammerer tackle it. FRANK BUCKLAND.

From Belgravia.

#### ON TOADS.

THE Rev. J. G. Wood, that excellent naturalist and charming writer, assures us that his children have a trough full of tame toads, each of which answers to its own particular name, and comes when called. The children, he says, carry them round the garden, and hold them up to any insect which they may chance to fancy, to enable them to swallow it, which they do by a lightning flash of their glutinous tongues. Nay more, their tender care for their unlovely pets is so great that they bathe and kiss them daily, he declares, just as they themselves are treated by their nurse. Upon one occasion, one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen with her own special toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the orange in alternate sucks or bites. Well! *de gustibus* is an old maxim, and, it seems, a true one. From the experience so gained, Mr. Wood declares the toad to be more quickly and easily tamed than most other animals. So that its disposition seems to be as devoid of venom as its physique. It is curious, by the way, that the word "ugly" across the Atlantic refers only to moral deformity, and has no bearing on physical appearance of any kind. The

"precious jewel" in the toad's head was also an article of general belief in Shakespeare's time; and is explained by Halliwell to have been a stone of potent effect in medicine.

Any book of folk-lore will show how much the medicine of the mediæval period dealt with all kinds of reptiles, and other such "uncanny animals" as hedgehogs, bats, owls, and other weird and darkness-loving things. Serpents, we know, were sacred to Esculapius, not on account of their supposed wisdom or subtlety, but by reason of their yearly renovation in a change of skin; and it would seem that all the reptiles of the lizard and frog classes, which inherit some share of the enmity sown in Eden between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, inherit also some part of this affinity between snakes and the practice of physic. I find that the homœopathists of the present day retain at least one drug derived from snakehood — "lachesis" — which is said to be the poison of the lance-headed viper, though it may perhaps be doubted whether their chemists have really supplied their vials from the poison-bags of that interesting reptile. They also use the sepia of the cuttle-fish; and I have often been struck by the appropriateness of sepia as a medical emblem. I observe that doctors, when hard pressed in argument, always escape in a flood of hard words; like the cuttle-fish, protected and concealed by the blinding inky trail it leaves behind it.

I am not sure that the existence of the jewel in the toad's head has not been supported, if not suggested, by the extraordinarily brilliant eye of the reptile, which appears to flash and scintillate with some inward light, thrown into stronger relief as it is by the dark, dull, hideous skin in which it is set. I find this corroborated by the fact that in classical times the toad was supposed to partake somewhat of the power of the fabulous basilisk in the ability to fascinate any person it looked on by the glance of its eye. In the basilisk, indeed, this power was fatal to the life of the person beheld, — a gift never claimed for the toad. But if this part of the zoology of the toad has enshrined a popular error of long standing, the nature of its food appears to have been no better understood. The "gentle lady wedded to the Moor" makes her jealous, fiery husband exclaim in the agony of his fever-fit: —

I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses.

In which, though the sentiment may be noble, the science is certainly false. The food of snakes, according to Shakespeare, was hardly more material than this aerial toad-diet. "In *Pericles*" he says:—

And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Exactly reversing the alchemy of the bee, which from the same source distils sweet and wholesome honey. The notion that toads can live without material food is, however, both more generally believed and better supported than that touching the jewel in its head. Numerous accounts, apparently well authenticated, re-

late the finding of toads entombed in the centre of aged trees when cleft open by the woodman's wedge, or inclosed in chambers of chalk or stone until disinterred by the miner, but still alive, and seemingly in good health. Their presence in such places was accounted for, in the case of the trees, by the supposition that they had either climbed, or been dropped by some bird of prey, into the hollow trunk; and, being unable to extricate themselves, had been gradually shut in by a growth of wood overhead. In the case of chalk or stone, it was believed that the egg had been washed by floods through some minute crack or crevice into an already existing chamber in the mine, which egg had hatched in due course, and produced the interesting recluse in question. Both of which suggestions seem possible, if not probable, explanations of the mystery.

DR. WELCKER, a Russian Professor of political economy, has just published a pamphlet on the present relations of Russia with Germany and Austro-Hungary, in which he advocates the sale of Russian Poland to Prussia. "It is the interest of Russia," he says, "in accordance with the precedents afforded by the Ionian islands, Lauenburg, and Russian America to sell Poland either to Russia or to the German Empire. Prussia has already occupied Warsaw and a considerable part of Poland from 1795 to 1807. She would be able to check any aggressive tendencies of the Poles in the direction of Lithuania; her superior civilization would by degrees Germanize the whole of the Polish territories under her rule; and all danger of a union between Congress Poland and Lithuania would then cease. Russia would even gain if she gave up this costly possession for nothing; but this she can hardly do with propriety. Both sides would profit by the bargain; Russia because she wants money, and Prussia because she wants fertile territory. . . . The purchase-money could be taken out of the Prussian war indemnity, or, if this is no longer at the disposal of the Government, it might be raised by a Prussian or a German loan. The interest of this loan could easily be covered by the surplus of the Polish revenue, which would rapidly increase in an extraordinary degree under the excellent Prussian administration and by the importation of capital and intelligence into the country. . . . The Russian Conservatives, who detest the Katkoff party, would make it totally

powerless by abandoning the Poles, who are the chief supporters of a Roman Catholic policy; while neither the Conservatives nor the Constitutional Liberals are for a moment sure of retaining their political and personal freedom, or even their property, so long as the Mouravieffs and the soldiery who have been trained in Poland à la Haynau may be let loose against them. The influential Russian grantees who obtained estates in Poland in 1831 and 1863 would also be great gainers, for these estates would enormously increase in value under the Prussian rule. On the Prussian side, too, great interests would be involved. At present the army, the agriculturists, and the capitalists in Poland occupy an aggressive position towards Prussia; they are a permanent menace to her of a Panslavist agrarian war, or at least of a constant striving in this direction, and it is most probable that if Russia does not sell Poland, she will invade Prussia." As to what the Poles themselves would think of such a bargain, Dr. Welcker does not consider this as a matter of much consequence. He admits that what they would like best is a restoration of their country to its ancient independence; but this he thinks is quite out of the question. The Poles would "no doubt gain by exchanging the Russian rule for the mild rule of the first civilized nation in the world;" and, on the other hand, "the German Empire will much more rapidly disarm Polish Ultramontaniam than Russia, notwithstanding all her severe measures, has been able to do."

Pall Mall Gazette.